CARTOONIST PROfiles

A unique quarterly magazine for the professional, the cartoon buff, the student, and all who enjoy cartoons.

Self-Caricature by Roy Crane
See Page 4

Issue No. 3

$2.50

WHAT a difference great comics can make!

AGGIE . . . by Roy Fox . . . a perky teen-ager whose biggest problem is getting boyfriend Wayout to take her out . . . and spend some money.

BRENDA STARR . . . by Dale Messick . . . what every city room needs—a gorgeous redhead reporter who thrives on adventure.

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LOUIE . . . by Harry Hanan . . . a pantomime strip about the little guy who always loses.

MAC DIVOT . . . by Mel Keefer and Jordan Lansky . . . the realistic story of a country club pro and his handsome bachelor son on the bigtime golf circuit.

MOON MULLINS . . . by Ferd Johnson . . . hijinks in a boarding house that often seems more like a madhouse.

THE NEIGHBORS . . . by George Clark . . . the fads, fashions, hangups and generation gap all get the once-over-lightly.

ON STAGE . . . by Leonard Starr . . . intriguing look at what goes on behind the tinsel and glamour of show biz.

PLAY FUNNIES . . . by Becky . . . for kids . . . pictures to color, riddles, and puzzle squares to cut up and make figures out of.

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RICK O'SHAY . . . by Stan Lynde . . . marshal of a wacky Wild West town called Conniption with plenty of it.

SEVENTEEN . . . by Bernard Lansky . . . the funny side of the growing pains every teen-ager and his parents go through.

SMILIN' JACK . . . by Zack Mosley . . . jet-paced action-packed adventure with plenty of desperadoes, curvaceous and cunning dames.

SMITTY . . . by Walter Berndt . . . the likable office boy who never runs out of pranks.

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TEENIE WEENIES . . . by William Donahey . . . every week a new illustrated episode in Lilliputian land . . . with bonus cutouts . . . teaches the small fry how to behave.

TERRY AND THE PIRATES . . . by George Wunder . . . foreign intrigue envelops handsome Air Force Col. Terry Lee on every assignment.

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C·T·N·Y·N·S

must reading for most readers

CHICAGO TRIBUNE-NEW YORK NEWS SYNDICATE, INC.

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

Volume 1, Number 3
Summer 1969

This Summer 1969 Issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles was printed and ready for mailing on August 15, as scheduled, but by the time you receive it, the summer will already be 2-1/2 months old. Some of you may have wondered why you haven't received the magazine till this late in the season. So here's a little clarification for you, and a note about a slight change in the way future issues will be designated.

Issue No. 1 was printed and ready for mailing on February 15th, 1969, and was designated as the WINTER 1969 issue, although, officially, winter was then a couple of months old. Issue No. 2, SPRING 1969, came out exactly 3 months later, on May 15th. Naturally, spring had already sprung 2 months before that. And now, Issue No. 3, SUMMER 1969, is ready for mailing, as we said above, right on schedule, but still it finds summer 2/3 gone. So from here on in, you can expect succeeding issues to merely carry designations such as No. 4, 5, etc. We'll drop the Spring, Summer, Fall, etc., routine. What would have been called the Fall Issue, will be No. 4 and will appear November 15th. And finally, don't forget that 3rd class mailings normally take several weeks to reach their destination.

Just a word to future Canadian subscribers to CARTOONIST PROfiles who plan to join the growing list of readers from that country. Would you kindly remit by Postal Money Order, rather than by personal check. Although, as we all know, money rates fluctuate up and down, at the present time about 50 cents is deducted from the remittance when personal checks are sent. We're especially pleased to welcome subscribers from other countries and we realize that most of them already have taken the above into account.

As many of the U.S. newspaper editors who are subscribers to CARTOONIST PROfiles know, permission to reprint any of our articles will be granted, provided only that a few simple conditions are complied with. We ask the editor to write us for permission, then to carry the CARTOONIST PROfiles copyright notice along with the reprint, and finally, to let us have tearsheets showing the article as it appears in his paper. After all, we're both interested in having as many of the public as possible well-informed about cartoons and their creators.

We want to express our appreciation to the many readers who have sent us suggestions pertaining to cartoonists that they would like to see written up in future issues of the magazine. They're all being taken into account and we hope, eventually, to satisfy those who were kind enough to write.

P.O. Box 325, Fairfield, Conn. 06430

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BELL-McCLURE Congratulates

Their own Al Smith for 'Mutt & Jeff', the 'Best Humor Strip of 1968'

Also on Al's election as President of the National Cartoonists Society, 1969-70.

John Osenenko, Exec. Vice-President

BELL-McCLURE SYNDICATE
1501 Broadway—Suite 303 New York, N.Y. 10036

FAST ROUTE TO COMIC STARDOM

Newspaper Enterprise Association, which has successfully introduced more new funnies into more newspapers in the past five years than any other service or syndicate, has done it a g a i n with CAMPUS CLATTER. Larry Lewis is the author-artist. Larry takes a light-hearted spoof at modern college life with some great new comic characters. CAMPUS CLATTER is a new daily strip, soon to go Sunday in color.

If you have a sprightly new comic idea up your sleeve or on the drawing board send a sample to:

Tom Peoples
Comic Art Director

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSOCIATION

NEA

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WANTED — CLIPS OF MY STUFF, NEW OR OLD AND IN DUPLICATE (3c each and up). Frank Sematones, 4064 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, Calif. 92111. DEAC-DEACON-SEMATONES (Sex to Sexty, Charlton, Health Knowledge and other girlies).

ORIGINAL COMIC ART WANTED. Also need long runs of Sunday comic sections or pages 1896-1947. Joe Goggin, 6202 Greeley Blvd., Springfield, Virginia 22152.

ORIGINAL CARTOON ART. To expand our collection we sell/swap/buy original comic art — all types — current and older. Send for our list, enclosing trades, wants, SESE, please. Hardback books also. THE CARTOON MUSEUM, Box 8605, Madeira Beach, Fla. 33738.

In this issue, we're devoting the entire SOUND OFF! column to parts of a letter received from RONALD SEARLE, the distinguished cartoonist, who was one of the early subscribers to CARTOONIST PROfiles. He has some very interesting things to say about European and American cartooning.

Sound Off!

I hesitate to offer criticism of CARTOONIST PROfiles on the strength of having seen only the one issue. But as you invite it I pass on my reactions for what they are worth.

Before anything else I must say that the appearance of a magazine which devotes itself exclusively to graphic humour is something of an event, and deserves the support of everyone in the profession. If you can also ensnare the 'cartoon buff, the student, and all who enjoy cartoons' you should shortly be investing in a computer to cope with your mailing list.

CARTOONIST PROfiles also announces on its banner that it is 'A unique quarterly magazine for the professional'. You are, I am sure, thinking of the profession as a whole. But after going through the first issue this is not yet indicated.

A large proportion of European cartoonists take a very lively international interest in their profession and a surprising number of them are closely aware of what is done and who does what over there in America. Does the reverse side of the coin apply?

I work a little for American magazines and spend a certain amount of time in your country each year. I travel and work fairly extensively in Europe and have lived for some years outside my own country. One thing which emerges from this international muddle is: that one becomes increasingly aware that outside America, graphic humour thinks more or less internationally. Whilst America, despite its heavy involvement with the outside world, remains surprisingly insular.

It would be a disappointment if CARTOONIST PROfiles simply reflected the American aspect of this totally international profession of ours.

Because graphic humour/graphic satire/social-comment art (call it what you like) thrives in opposition, or in times of upheaval, there is in Western Europe alone (for example), an upsurge of original talent which may equal some of the richest moments in the history of graphic humour. With the world upheaving (heaving up?) as it is today, times were never riper for iconoclastic comment, on the social scene at least. Cartooning of all the arts, is one of the most lively and most virile forms of popular expression. Yet it is painfully apparent that although there have been phenomenal developments, changes of outlook and evidence of renewed vitality in all other fields of artistic expression — theatre, music, literature, painting, sculpture, graphics — the field of graphic humour is lamely tottering along behind. In the main it is bogged down with conservatism, unoriginality, self-satisfaction, a strong resistance to experimentation and an undying devotion to minor domestic trivialities.

In America this may to a certain extent be due to the unadventurous mentality of many cartoon editors plus the stultifying consequences of mass-syndication. Trying to please all of the customers all of the time. The few exceptions are not, alas, the rule and the present situation is not a great encourager of talent for the future — although it may be a great money-spinner.

The past has a great fascination but there is a danger of getting embalmed in it, or even enjoying the idea of being mummified by a backward public. Just as there is a danger in assuming that to show a cartoon in a museum is the ultimate accolade.

There seems, for example, to be a rather pathetic lingering over the frequently referred-to Strip Cartoon Exhibition, held here in the decorative arts wing of the Louvre, in 1967. It is mentioned yet again in your first editorial as giving cartooning the stature of 'authenticity'. As if a little of the glory of Leonardo or Goya, in the main museum, had rubbed off onto our grubby drawing-boards. To put this exhibition into perspective: it was conceived and mainly achieved by the energy of Socerlid (Society for the Study and Research of Drawn Literature), a small band of literary, and literate, enthusiasts who represent one of two esoteric clubs in France devoting themselves to the serious study of the strip cartoon. They might be compared with the more specialised cultivators of the wine mystique. Rather boringly brimming over with a love — almost lust (allied to an incredibly detailed knowledge) of their subject. Their exhibition was mounted as a lively show of contemporary folk art of which (as the catalogue indicated), along with architecture and literature, 75% of the work might be considered trash, 20% mediocre, and 5% of value and critical interest.

Allowing for the occasional curiosity, cartoons are not scratched-out for the museum, or for the necrophiliac specialists. They are part of a marvellous, living ephemeral art. A little of which may live on for incidental reasons but which is basically made for passing enjoyment, perhaps occasionally providing food for thought, and also to earn a living for the cartoonist.

In Europe at least, they are then used for wrapping-up fish and chips or vegetables — which does help to keep our small but enjoyable art in perspective, even though the cartoon was born over here.

OK — sock it to me . . .

Ronald Searle
Paris, France

ROY CRANE and Buz Sawyer

"In the entire history of the comic strip, Roy Crane is the master plotter," writes M. Pierre Couperie in the French art magazine PHENIX for January 1967. M. Couperie is the author of the authoritative 'History of the Comic Strip,' recently translated into English. He continues, "Roy Crane is modest. In his most recent pictures, one finds a maturing evolution of attitudes and types, the same style which was in Wash Tubbs 30 years ago. His pictures bring out the essential points. As to the excellent results of his studio system . . . everything depends on the mastership of the studio head, with the assistant becoming the hand of the master. By definition, a master is one who trains pupils to be worthy of himself. By such training, along with his own personal talent, Roy Crane doubly deserves the title of 'Master'."

The above accolade makes a fine introduction to the following remarks by Roy Crane. Recently CARTOONIST PROfiles asked him to write some current comments to accompany our publishing parts of the 'How to Draw Buz Sawyer' scrapbook which Crane donated to the Syracuse University Manuscript Collection. You will find the first installment of this following Roy's article.

By ROY CRANE

DAMN Sunday pages! Whenever a cartoonist produces a daily that sells, the syndicates — all of them — see an opportunity to make more money, and induce the cartoonist to turn out a Sunday page as well. The cartoonist is also eager to make money, and away he goes.

Then what happens? Unless he's blessed with an over-abundance of ideas, or has a zip-zip-and-it's-drawn feature, he may be in for trouble, especially if he's both writer and artist. In the end he may make no more money at all, for he becomes over-worked, and may not be able to buy ideas up to his standard, or to hire an assistant who can handle a large portion of the drawing. In either case his feature suffers. How short-sighted!

Take my own case: Wash Tubbs (now Captain Easy) had really been clicking for about five years before I came out with a Sunday in 1932, laid in China and starring Easy. Working was fun. It could be done in a leisurely work week of about 45 hours, including research. I played golf, and had little trouble in getting ahead for a vacation to search for background material in Latin America, or to clown with a circus.

So I started a Sunday page. BAM! . . . Twenty hours of extra work dumped onto my lap! No more golf, research, or vacations! I hired an assistant to do the lettering, borders, and blacks but he saved me only about three hours a week. I thought I was continuing to do good work but soon the zip and sparkle disappeared.

By 1938 I was whipped down. I persuaded my long time friend Leslie Turner, a top illustrator, to take over the drawing while I went on my first vacation in six years. GREAT . . . I got unwound, and managed to keep him. We each had our specialties; I did the writing, drew all of the Sunday, all water and action on the daily, while he drew girls, aircraft, etc. The strip sprang back to life. Then in 1943, I left NEA to do Buz Sawyer daily and Sunday, for King Features, expecting Les to go with me. But NEA grabbed him to continue Wash Tubbs. And there I was — stuck again — new strip, daily and Sunday, middle of the war, and absolutely nobody available who could give me any real help.

The pressure was terrific. For month after month, I would draw six strips in one 16 hour day — less than an hour per picture — and some of the pictures crammed with endless detail of aircraft carriers, planes and flight gear, which had to be done accurately, or the new strip would fail to gain a sense of reality and prestige. It became standard procedure for me to have Buz shot down on a Pacific island in every other story so I could rest up a little from all that laborious naval aircraft detail. How I regretted taking on that Sunday! It soon became a question of time whether I could outlast the Japanese. I barely made it. But not without paying a price — drawing, always fun for me, had become hard work, even torture; my nervous system rolled out the red carpet for every passing ulcer, and the syndicate was screaming for more strips.

Finally, about 12 years ago it became obvious that a drastic change must take place. The production of Buz Sawyer, which had been almost a one man job, would have to become a studio job. Henry G. Schlensker, who came with me after the war, was then doing much of the Sunday drawing and helping on the dailies. He was switched to the daily strip and told to sink or swim. Dr. Edwin

Granberry, distinguished novelist, recipient of the O. Henry Memorial Award for short stories, and professor of creative writing at Rollins College, came to me during the war when I could find no artist assistant, and became the writer — in theory at least. Al Wenzel joined the trio and was assigned the Sunday which he is gradually taking over. So what the heck does Roy Crane do? I run the strip, make the decisions. I'm sort of a director, coordinator, researcher, pace setter, idea man, Chairman of the Board and janitor. Most of the time, when I can refrain from too much meddling, the system works beautifully.

I've always found it more stimulating to talk over ideas with someone than to stare at a blank sheet of paper. So together, Ed and I plan the stories. Then I write a synopsis, plotting and developing our idea in more detail and shaking the bugs out. Together again, but with me doing the writing, we break the story action into strips, pictures, even to each individual balloon and sentence. Then Ed edits, polishes and returns it. Together, we study it a third time, often changing a word here or there, trying to give a sentence more oomph, or to further intensify a dramatic situation. After 25 years of tossing ideas back and forth, we work in perfect harmony.

Then Hank comes over. After 25 years of working together, it's no longer necessary to make elaborate sketches of each picture for Hank. He does better when given a free rein. It's important, however, that he thoroughly understands the story as Ed and I have planned it, the reaction of characters, etc., in order that he will be working in harmony with us.

As for the Sunday, I spent over thirty years in learning to develop ideas to be told in a page of about ten pictures. During that time, the syndicates chopped us down in size from full page to tabloid, then to half page, and finally, in order to please clients who wanted to run only a third page, they economized by chopping off the entire top row of pictures. Perhaps this was no hardship for the gag cartoonist who could pad a four picture gag into six or more pictures. For me it was murder. Not only would it be almost impossible to tell a story in the Sunday, it meant that I would have to develop an entirely new formula for getting story ideas of six pictures, rather than ten. So I've been encouraging Al to take over the writing, as well as the drawing, of the Sunday. He's developing far better and faster than I had dreamed would be possible. Al now lives in Connecticut, but I still keep my hand in the Sunday. Almost every week we discuss ideas, and how to put them over a little better, by long distance.

Roy Crane and his wife Ebba, in their Orlando, Florida home.

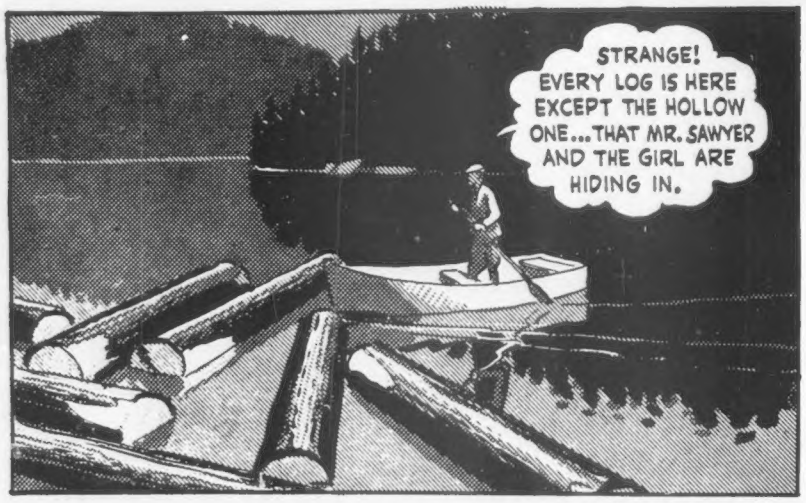
Along with many other cartoonists, Roy Crane has donated cartoons, correspondence, mementos, and many other personal items to the Syracuse University Manuscript Collection which was described in the Spring Issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles. Included is a huge scrapbook, entitled 'How to Draw Buz Sawyer.' This is, in reality, a big textbook by Crane on how to produce an artistic and effective comic strip with great emphasis on the use of the 'Craftint' medium in achieving this. Roy was a pioneer in using 'Craftint' a number of years ago, is an acknowledged master of the technique, and his skill in handling it is the envy of all cartoonists. We feel fortunate that in this and later issues of CARTOONIST PROfiles, we can publish many of the pages in this fascinating scrapbook. In preparing the volume, Roy pasted in newspaper clippings of 'Buz Sawyer' strips, and then under each one wrote some comments explaining the effects he was trying to create. All of these remarks are in Crane's own words. These strips and thoughts aren't necessarily in the exact order in which they appear in the scrapbook, but we want to give you a sample of several sections in this first installment, in order to whet your appetite for more later on. We regret that in some cases the newspaper clippings were so faded that an accurate reproduction here wasn't possible, necessitating our eliminating them.

Drawing Buz Sawyer

Mix good characters . .

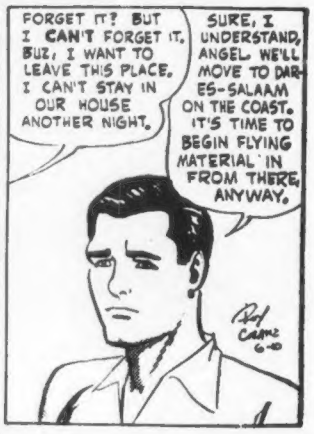
HEY, YOU BIG DOPE! PUT ME DOWN! I'M OKAY! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!
Copr. 1950, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
Roy Crane 6-16

action, sex . . .

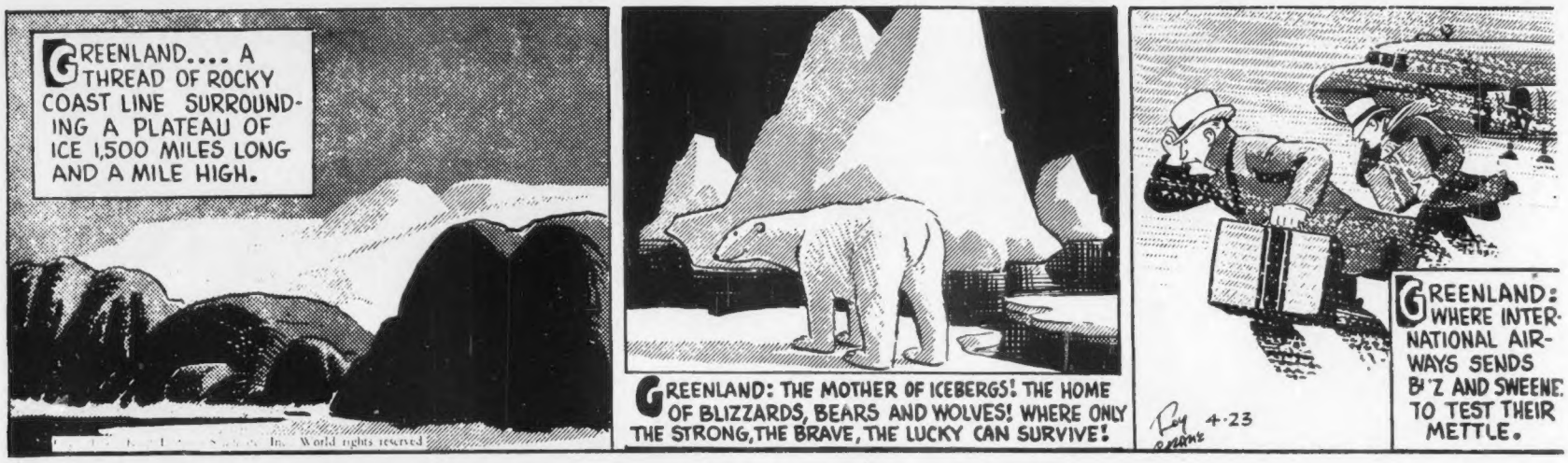


into a well-composed picture with blacks, whites, grays.

DEAD! HE'S DEAD! AND I—I KILLED HIM, BUZ.
BUT IT WAS THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY YOU COULD DEFEND YOURSELF. PLEASE TRY TO FORGET IT, ANGEL.


FORGET IT? BUT I CAN'T FORGET IT, BUZ, I WANT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE. I CAN'T STAY IN OUR HOUSE ANOTHER NIGHT.
SURE, I UNDERSTAND, ANGEL. WE'LL MOVE TO DAR-ES-SALAAM ON THE COAST. IT'S TIME TO BEGIN FLYING MATERIAL IN FROM THERE, ANYWAY.
Roy Crane 6-20

Then with good drawing, good planning, and good luck you should have a pleasing strip

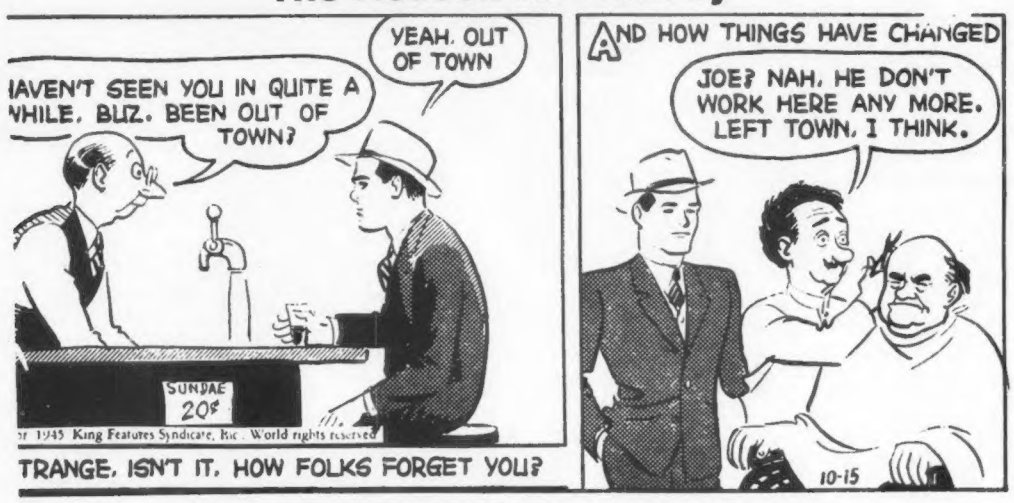

GREENLAND.... A THREAD OF ROCKY COAST LINE SURROUNDING A PLATEAU OF ICE 1,500 MILES LONG AND A MILE HIGH.
GREENLAND: THE MOTHER OF ICEBERGS! THE HOME OF BLIZZARDS, BEARS AND WOLVES! WHERE ONLY THE STRONG, THE BRAVE, THE LUCKY CAN SURVIVE!
GREENLAND: WHERE INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS SENDS BUZ AND SWEENE TO TEST THEIR METTLE.
Roy Crane 4-23

. . . or several.

IT WAS DURING THE WAR, CHRISTY, WE CAME HERE ON A PICNIC. REMEMBER?
I WAS JUST A KID, AND THERE WAS SNOW ON THE GROUND.
OF COURSE I REMEMBER, BUZ. I WAS AFRAID YOU'D NEVER COME BACK FROM THE WAR, AND I...I KISSED YOU, DIDN'T I?
YOU BET! THAT'S WHEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU, ANGEL.
IN LOVE? GOOD HEAVENS! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT BUZ WAS EVER IN LOVE WITH ME?
Copr. 1950, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

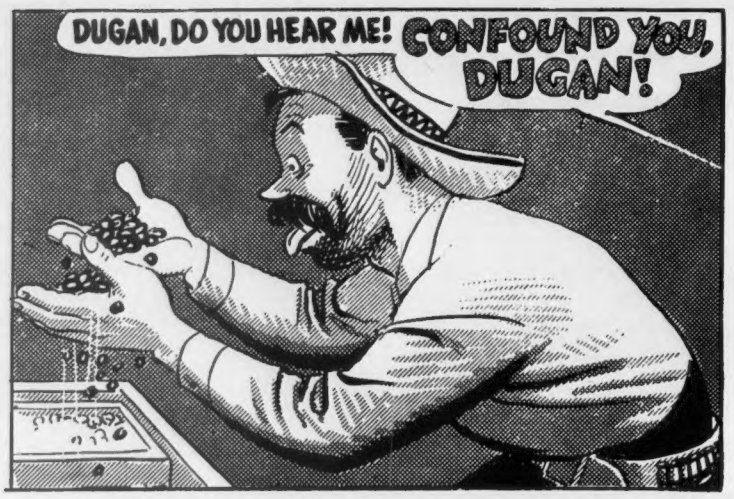
AHOY, THERE! AHOY!
MIDNIGHT. BUZ REACHES A SHELL COLLECTOR'S SHACK.
Copr. 1950 King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
IT'S DESERTED. THE NEXT CLOSEST PLACE IS HIS OWN CAMP, 3 MILES UPRIVER, AND THE TIDE'S AGAINST HIM.
CAN'T BUCK IT. HAVE TO FOLLOW THE SHORE.
DAWN. HE ARRIVES UTTERLY EXHAUSTED.
NO TIME TO REST. TURN OFF OVEN. MAKE COFFEE...TAKE TO CHRISTY.

The Reason for Benday


HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN QUITE A WHILE, BUZ. BEEN OUT OF TOWN?
YEAH. OUT OF TOWN
SUNDAE 20¢
TRANGE. ISN'T IT. HOW FOLKS FORGET YOU?
AND HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED
JOE? NAH, HE DON'T WORK HERE ANY MORE. LEFT TOWN, I THINK.
10-15

Here's part of a hurried strip which lacks something. It's flat, uninteresting. The figures don't seem to hang together, aren't rounded . . . white is merely space between pen lines . . . not a color, or a thing of interest. Note how flat Buz's suit is in #2.

Here white takes on a brilliancy. Objects become rounded.



Here the figure assumes shape, hangs together, suggests something of a third dimensional quality.

How to Use Benday

Benday is gray. The dictionary defines gray: 'A color of black and white, mixed and without brilliancy'. Seldom does benday make a picture good. I have only one rule for its use: First, make the picture good in black and white.

Benday does no more than to soften or add interest to black and white.

HERE'S LUCK—THREE CANOES AND A HATCHET. I'LL SMASH THE TWO LARGE CANOES, AND WE'LL TAKE THE SMALL ONE.
Copr. 1947 King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

Here it adds interest.

HUMPH! DON'T BOTHER THANKIN' ME, GIRLIE! I'M, JUST OLD LIL, THE CAT-WOMAN.
1948, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

Here it softens.

Here it makes white brilliant.

Arranging the Picture

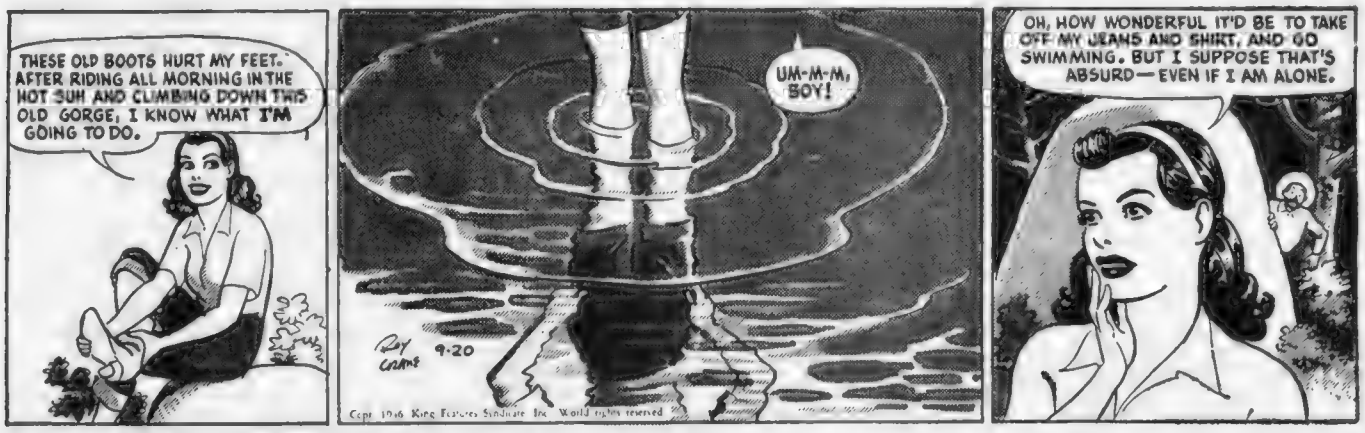
YOU'RE BOTHERING ME, JUNIOR. NOW RUN ALONG! SCAT!
IT'S THE DAY AFTER CHRISTY'S PET GAZELLE WAS KILLED BY A LEOPARD.
Copr. 1949, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
DUSK:
JUNIOR!
JUNIOR!
WELL, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, WHERE ARE YOU?
I LOOKED AND I LOOKED FOR HIM, BUZ, BUT... BUT...
BAD NEWS, ANGEL. MOHAMED FOUND HIM NEAR THE THORN HEDGE... DEAD! AND... AND THERE WERE LEOPARD TRACKS.

First, don't think in terms of one picture . . . think in terms of a complete strip . . . of how each picture is related to each other picture.

AND WHERE'D YOU GET THE MONEY TO FLY OUT HERE? DID FRONTIER OIL PAY YOUR EXPENSES?
NO, I— PLEASE, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT, BUZ.
Copr. 1948, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

In this case, the copy called for a boy and girl to be talking in a park in Java . . . 3 pictures of it. How could the scene be varied? How could it be made more interesting? Some good scrap and a little imagination produced this one. If possible, choose one picture, one scene, one thing that can, or should, be made big and outstanding.

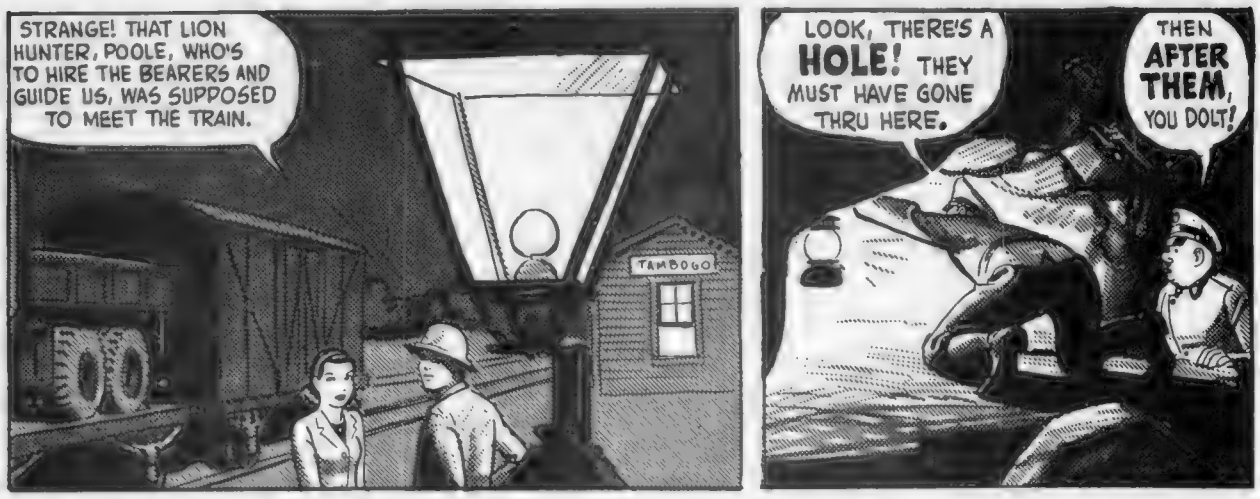
Use your imagination, your noodle! Let that ONE thing steal the show! Let everything else be subordinate to it. Note minor emphasis . . . the way attention is called to the fact that Christy is not alone.


THESE OLD BOOTS HURT MY FEET. AFTER RIDING ALL MORNING IN THE HOT SUN AND CLIMBING DOWN THIS OLD GORGE, I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.
UM-M-M, BOY!
OH, HOW WONDERFUL IT'D BE TO TAKE OFF MY JEANS AND SHIRT, AND GO SWIMMING. BUT I SUPPOSE THAT'S ABSURD— EVEN IF I AM ALONE.
ALL TOURISTS DO. BESIDES, A BLIND PERSON OFTEN KNOWS MORE THAN YOU THINK. YOU'VE TAKEN PICTURES OF ME, AND I EVEN KNOW YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET A SHOT OF MR. ZAZAROF.
BUT WHY?
NOW, DON'T GET THE IDEA I'M DOIN' YOU A FAVOR, SEE, AND DON'T GET THE IDEA I DON'T WANT HIM ANY MORE. BUT I—I BEEN THINKIN' OVER WHAT YOU SAID.
HMM! HIS PAPERS ARE IN ORDER. WHAT DO YOU FIND IN THE WAGON, FRANZ?
WATER.

How do you subordinate the remaining pictures? One way is omit characters, make the pictures small, unimportant. There are times, of course, when it isn't advisable to make small pictures unimportant. Use close-ups. Let the character's expression carry the story. Omit detail. Look for ways to simplify.

The Value of White Space

In using benday, at first I thought in terms of blacks, grays, and white. Years of indifferent results and frustration followed. Gradually, black became less important. Today, white is not just something to bring out the color of black . . . on the contrary, black is something to bring out the color of white.


STRANGE! THAT LION HUNTER, POOLE, WHO'S TO HIRE THE BEARERS AND GUIDE US, WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET THE TRAIN.
TAMBOGO
LOOK, THERE'S A HOLE! THEY MUST HAVE GONE THRU HERE.
THEN AFTER THEM, YOU DOLT!

Learn to use white as your most important color and you'll be gratified by this result.

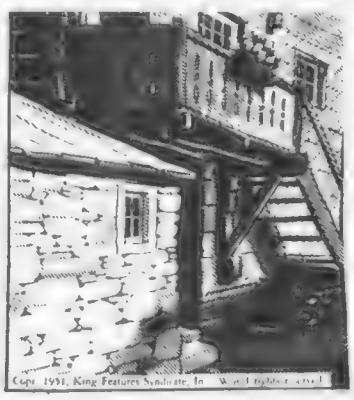
Ditto.

THE TERRACE OF BUZ'S HOTEL BY MOONLIGHT, MAGNIFICENT! YET, WITHOUT CHRISTY AT HIS SIDE, LONELY.
FROM INSIDE, THE MUSIC OF A ZITHER AND THE SONG OF A GIRL, CLEAR, SAD, BEAUTIFUL.
BUZ IS DRAWN BY THE MUSIC. AND THERE'S THE GIRL, WISTFUL, RADIANT, AS LOVELY AS HER SONG.

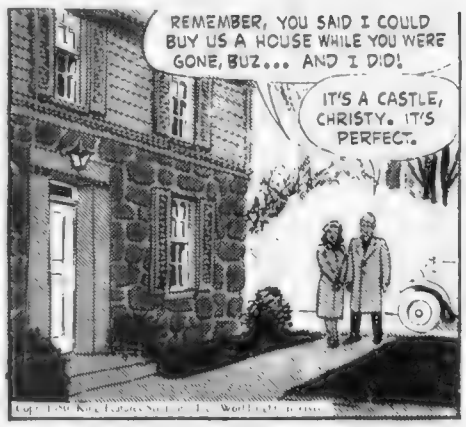
The outstanding colors here are white. Other values are used to give it prominence.

PEOPLE IN HOLIDAY MOOD. GAY MUSIC. THE EXCITEMENT OF SAILING ONLY DEEPENS BUZ'S FEELING OF LONELINESS.
THE FIRST TIME SINCE WE WERE MARRIED THAT SHE WASN'T GONE WITH ME.
Copr. 1950, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

White may not cover the largest area, but it's the most necessary.

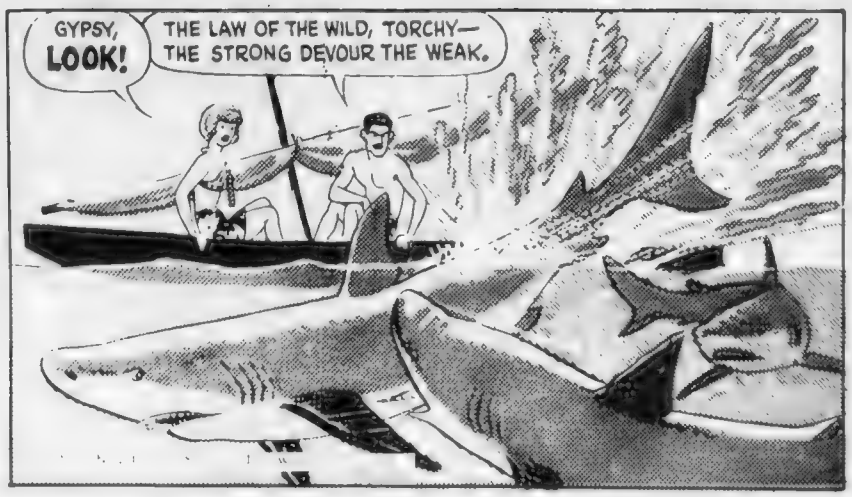


The stone shed is surrounded by benday. The effect is white.

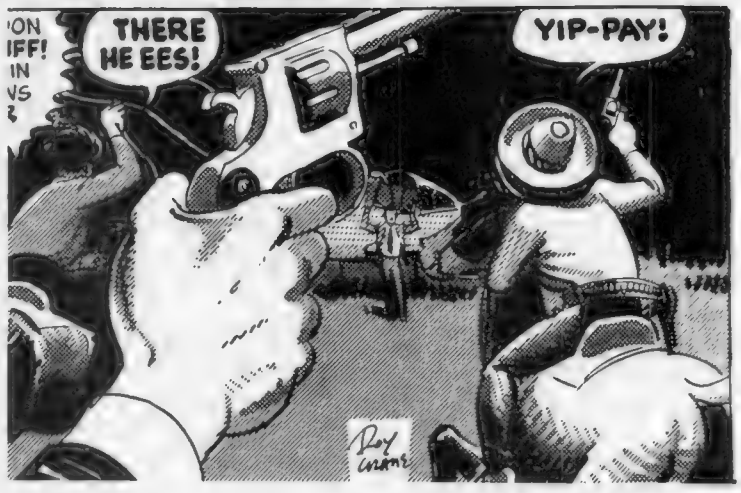


It's a must as a background for small figures.

Simplicity



The simplest way is often the most effective way.



Note hand and revolver. Isn't it more effective than drawing a dozen horsemen?

Keep each picture, each strip as simple as possible. Remember, a strip appears on a page with maybe 15 others. The effect of all is a jumble. Make your *pictures simple, effective, outstanding.*

Simple? Try thinking of this picture with two men, oxen and wagon in the foreground, a large sawmill just behind them and mountains beyond — and it is by no means simple.

Ach, it is simple, Frieda. Play up to the Yankee who is to guard us, then seize an opportunity to KILL HIM!
My poo Baron! But WH 9n order stay her and star

Their eyes indicate they're talking of someone nearby. Is it necessary to draw him?

A quiet pool hidden in the woods. Simple, effective.

LOOK AT THIS FOG COMING IN. WHAT A TIME TO TRY TO FIND SOMEBODY IN DISTRESS.
Copr. 1946, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

What to Emphasize

This is bad . . . picture of little importance trying to steal the show . . . the water jar demanding far too much attention.

IN EACH VILLAGE, BUZ ASKS QUESTIONS AND POSTS A NOTICE, OFFERING A $10,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WILD BILL DANIELS.
THERE'S HARDLY A PERSON IN THE SAN FELIPE MOUNTAINS WHO HASN'T HEARD WHISPERED RUMORS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DANIELS, YET NO ONE DARES SPEAK.
ONLY POOR PABLO GOMEZ, FATHER OF SEVEN CHILDREN, IS TEMPTED.
$10,000! MADRE DE DIOS! I WOULD BE RICH! I COULD BUY MILK AND MEAT FOR MY LITTLE ONES. EVEN SHOES, AND A NEW STORE DRESS FOR MY ROSA, AND FOR ME, A FINE SADDLE AND A DONKEY TO RIDE.

Major emphasis: Posting a reward.

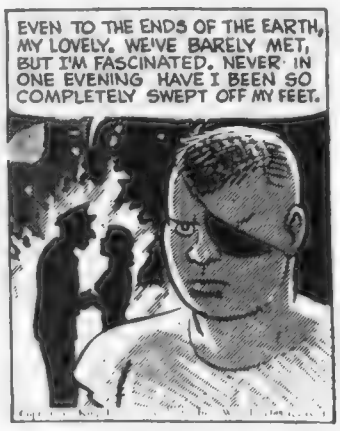
Minor emphasis: Pablo's reaction.

Triangular perspective arrangement of a picture, with the emphasis on atmosphere.

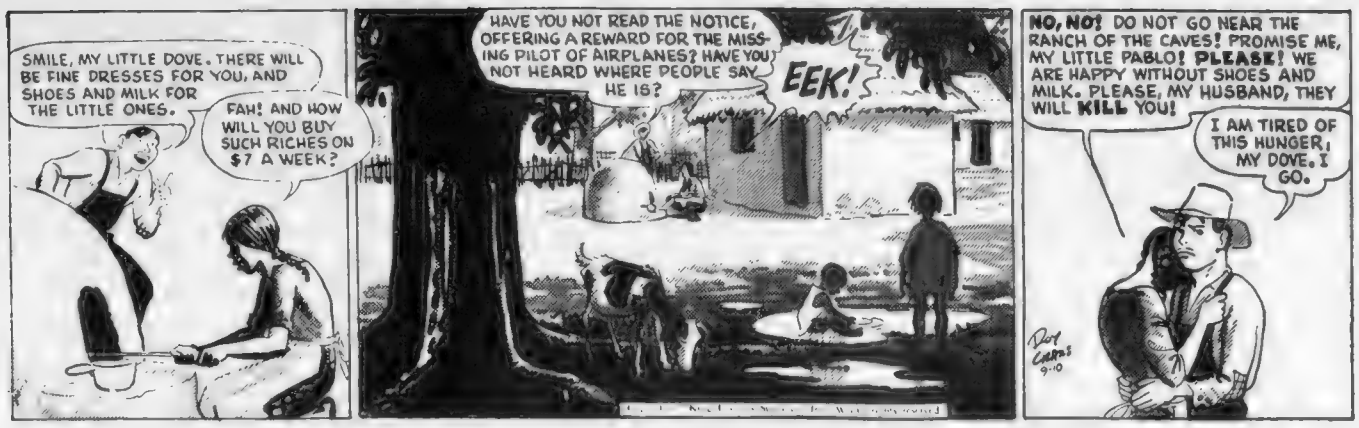
. . . LIKE THE TASTE OF A PERFECT HAMBURGER OUT OF DOORS . . . LIKE THE SOFT, SOOTHING TOUCH OF FINGERS IN A SHY CARESS . . .
Copr. 1946 King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

Love scene. Give importance to lovers, or to idyllic setting . . . I chose the latter.

The man stealing toward the plane is the important thing . . . not the plane, or the people at the plane.


EVEN TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, MY LOVELY. WE'VE BARELY MET, BUT I'M FASCINATED. NEVER IN ONE EVENING HAVE I BEEN SO COMPLETELY SWEPT OFF MY FEET.

Major emphasis here is the reaction of a jealous lover.


SMILE, MY LITTLE DOVE. THERE WILL BE FINE DRESSES FOR YOU, AND SHOES AND MILK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.
FAH! AND HOW WILL YOU BUY SUCH RICHES ON $7 A WEEK?
HAVE YOU NOT READ THE NOTICE, OFFERING A REWARD FOR THE MISSING PILOT OF AIRPLANES? HAVE YOU NOT HEARD WHERE PEOPLE SAY HE IS?
EEK!
NO, NO! DO NOT GO NEAR THE RANCH OF THE CAVES! PROMISE ME, MY LITTLE PABLO! PLEASE! WE ARE HAPPY WITHOUT SHOES AND MILK. PLEASE, MY HUSBAND, THEY WILL KILL YOU!
I AM TIRED OF THIS HUNGER, MY DOVE. I GO.

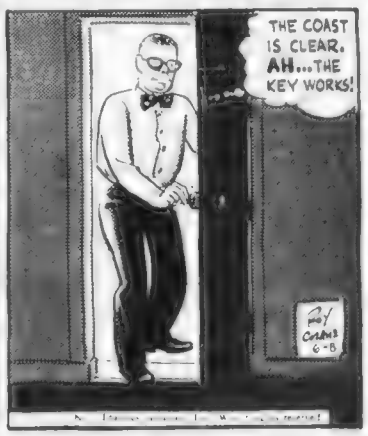
Major emphasis: Poverty, need of money. Minor emphasis: Danger of getting money. Note how poverty is brought out.

The Importance of Things

Buz's face couldn't be shown. Is he about to shoot? Then make the gun important.

THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL START WITH THE BATHROOM.
WONDERFUL! HE'S LEFT HIS KEYS IN THE DOOR.
24-B! THAT'S TO SAWYER'S CABIN. I'LL MAKE A COUPLE OF WAX IMPRESSIONS.

Here a key is important in the story. It should be equally important in the drawing.



But now the key opens a door. The opening of the door becomes important; the key has served its purpose . . .

A hidden cave filled with Mayan treasures. Never mind the figures; show the treasures.

Here Buz's wife is mothering a baby heron. He's a very tiny bird and yapping for food. They're in the kitchen, but is the kitchen necessary? Is even Christy necessary? Isn't it better, in at least one picture, to emphasize the bird, its hunger, to the exclusion of all else?

To be continued in succeeding issues of CARTOONIST PROfiles

ANIMATION PIONEER Portraits

DICK HUEMER

CARTOONIST PROfiles is privileged to publish the following preview of a new book by Dick Huemer, a 35-year veteran with Walt Disney Productions. He was story director for such Disney classics as FANTASIA and DUMBO and, among other things, writes the TRUE LIFE ADVENTURES daily feature. Frank Reilly, the Head of the Disney Comic Strip Department, passed this preview article along to CARTOONIST PROfiles on the occasion of his recent visit to New York, and we are indebted to him for the Huemer story.

By Dick Huemer

The modest little sign on a two-storied wooden building, cater-cornered from Fordham University in the upper Bronx of New York read simply:

RAOUL BARRE.* Cartoonist

For months I had passed it almost daily, trying to get up enough nerve to mount the stairs and ask this Mr. Barre, cartoonist, for a job. Finally one fateful day, I "goided up my lerns" (I still retained my Brooklyn accent) and did it.

*Pronounced Barry . . . rhymes with Harry.

The dark chubby man with the smiling gray eyes who looked up from his desk completely disarmed me. I found it quite easy to say, "I would like to be a cartoonist."

In what I recognized to be some kind of a French accent, he said, "So. You would lak these jub, eh?" Later I learned that the accent was French Canadian.

That was all there was to it. In a short while I was in one of two small adjoining rooms, getting in my first licks as a cartoonist. I was put to work painting black shoes, coats and top hats on a character I knew from the comic pages as Jeff, of the firm of Mutt and Jeff. Of course I quickly learned that I was not so much a cartoonist as a practitioner in the mysterious art of animation. And mysterious it certainly was. This was in 1916 B.D. (before Disney.) Comparatively few people had ever heard of animated pictures, much less ever seen any. The very term itself — ANIMATOR — was not in the ordinary person's lexicon. I remember when my father somewhat dubiously told a neighbor that his son, the ex-art student, was now an Animator, that grossly uniformed individual asked in all innocence, "He's doing something with animals? Working for the S.P.C.A. — or the circus?"

Actually, I was not yet an Animator. It took a whole month before I graduated to that elevated station. They were indeed hard up for recruits in this toddling business. At first I was what Barre in his quaint accent called "a THRASER." That is, a TRACER, one who followed up the animator and traced in the parts he left out that didn't change in the action. This was an archaic process entirely different from the present day CEL system, and too complicated to fully explain here. The best that can be said for it is that

it was fun. We animators inked directly on paper, which afforded us a lot of creative freedom and the opportunity to express our own techniques and individuality. We were all enamored of Heinrich Kley. It never occurred to us that uniformity in appearance was a desirable thing. But this is something that the cel system later accomplished automatically.

Barre was a good man to work for. An artist himself, a fine arts painter rather than a cartoonist, he had a deep devotion to the nascent business. And it was just barely that, especially from an economic standpoint. You certainly couldn't in those days call it an art form. But long before Disney, he had the idea of plowing back what profits he made (and they were indeed miniscule) to produce better pictures, create a demand for them, and thus make more money for all concerned, artist as well as producer.

In his extremely limited way, he did what he could to further this end. For instance, he organised art classes for after-hours studies, where the animators could improve their skills by drawing from the live models which he supplied free of charge. This is something which Disney also did so many years later.

There is an amusing incident in connection with this. One night, right in the middle of the session while everyone was scratching away industriously, the model suddenly got down off her stand and flounced out of the room — anyway, as much as a gal without any clothes on can be said to flounce.

Barre, as much astonished as any of us, immediately followed her. And for a while we could hear them arguing back and forth, although we couldn't make out what was said.

After a while, Barre came back with an amused smile on his rotund face and told us that classes were cancelled for that evening. Then he looked significantly at Vet Anderson. Vet, so-called because he was a veteran not of the Civil War but the Spanish American, was a well-known cartoonist of the early nineteen hundreds. His drawings appeared in such magazines as Puck, Judge and Life. He had now given that all up and turned to the new animated cartoons.

We all laughed when Barre told us it was all on account of Vet.

"It's that man," she had said angrily. "He sits there drawing with that evil smirk on his face. What kind of a place is this anyway? Are you artists or a bunch of lechers who only want to look at a naked woman?"

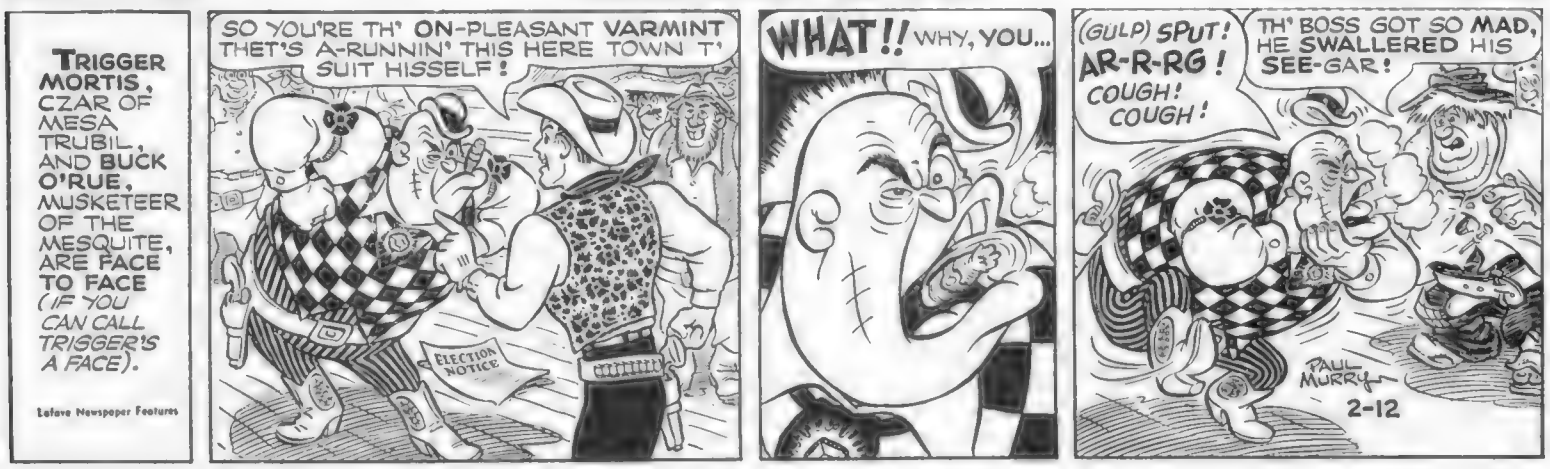
Nothing that Barre could say had convinced her that Vet couldn't help himself, that he always wore that satyric leer when he concentrated. It was a peculiarity like that way he kept his pipe tobacco loose in his pockets. Intense participation distorted his features the way a violinist will grunt to himself while deeply engrossed in his playing.

At any rate, Barre could not persuade the gal that we weren't all a passel of voyeurs. And when she had her clothes back on and her fee collected, she really did flounce. I must add that notwithstanding Vet's continued presence at future drawing sessions we never again had that same difficulty with any of the models. Probably she was an amateur. But I do remember that she had a fine figure.

Another thing Barre tried hard to improve was the stories. The idea of story boards was far in the future, awaiting the Disney Era.

BUCK O'RUE was a moonlighting exploit while Dick Huemer was working at Disney's. In this case, he wrote the strip as well as originating the idea. The drawings were done by Paul Murry who drew the Disney 'Uncle Remus' Sunday page for many years. Like the GOOD TIME GUY affair, BUCK O'RUE only lasted a few years also. Out in California, according to Huemer, it ran in the L.A. Mirror but he says he doesn't think it had anything to do with that sheet's demise.

BUCK O' RUE — RELEASE MONDAY, FEB. 12, 1951 — BY DICK HUEMER


TRIGGER MORTIS, CZAR OF MESA TRUBIL, AND BUCK O'RUE, MUSKETEER OF THE MESQUITE, ARE FACE TO FACE (IF YOU CAN CALL TRIGGER'S A FACE).
Lafave Newspaper Features
SO YOU'RE TH' ON-PLEASANT VARMINT THET'S A-RUNNIN' THIS HERE TOWN T' SUIT HISSELF!
ELECTION NOTICE
WHAT!! WHY, YOU...
(GULP) SPUT! AR-R-RG! COUGH! COUGH!
TH' BOSS GOT SO MAD, HE SWALLERED HIS SEE-GAR!
PAUL MURRY
2-12

At best, very little time could be allotted to the story phase of the operation, since the most important thing was how much footage could be ground out every week. But he did what he could, and saw to it that there was at least some delineation of the action and plot before animation was begun instead of leaving the whole thing up to each animator to invent and improvise as he went along. While the dual role of storyman and animator was fun for the artist, it scarcely made for a complete and well-rounded story line. Frequently the picture would end with some hastily contrived gimmick, or the all-too-often *iris down* on the character running towards the horizon. For when the very strict footage limitations had been reached or the time allowed for production had been used up, whichever came first, it was THE END.

But even though his pictures did improve perceptibly (to us. Alas! not to audiences) it wasn't in the cards for Raoul Barre to be the savior of the hand-drawn films. That honor almost fell later to Paul Terry and his Aesop's Fables, which is another story, as is that of Walt Disney who really did finally put animated cartoon films on their feet (no pun intended.) Ironically, Walt had also determined that the story was the key to the whole thing.

At any rate, Barre did not have much time left to devote to his beloved business. And his end was not a happy one. Worried mostly by financial difficulties involving the studio and his newly acquired partner, Charlie Bowers, his mind gave way under the strain. They say he was found wandering in a park, babbling incoherently and tossing money to the four winds. The last may be an embellishment of the story which is tragic enough. I had the whole tale second hand. So poor, kindly, well-meaning Raoul Barre was committed and not long after I heard that he had died. This happened in the early 1920s and I was greatly saddened by the event.

A word about Bud Fisher, the creator of the Mutt and Jeff strip. Fisher was not a pioneer of the Animation industry except in the sense that he financed the operation of Barre's studio. Other than that he took no part in the production. In fact we seldom saw him. My last impression of him was his flashing through the studio in his natty Captain's uniform. He was off to World War I from which he returned safe and sound and not a whit less wealthy. Fisher had a flair for making money. I heard that he made plenty of profit from the cartoons we scrimped and labored to grind out.

I don't think there was very much left for Barre to pocket. He was paid a flat sum for delivering a half reel print and negative. The amount was in the neighborhood of $1,500. Since we turned out a picture every week, that sum represented the sole income of the studio. It appears ridiculous by modern standards but it was enough to pay the salaries of five or six animators, about ten tracers, one cameraman and a cel washer. We certainly couldn't afford to buy new cels for each picture.

Despite the horrendous schedule which often kept the staff working overtime so as to get the payroll check from Bud Fisher's attorney (and I might add we worked overtime without recompense) we animators did manage to carry on a personal campaign of improvement and inventiveness, each according to his lights.

I recall the expressions of admiration, mixed with not a little envy, evoked by a short piece of animation in one of the early Mutt and Jeffs. It was of a billy goat by one John Rigby who soon after his heady success, however, dropped completely and permanently out of the animation business. Maybe he figured he could never top it. I can still savor my amazement of his wonderful accomplishment even though I know as well as I know God made little green apples that it was, by today's standards, infantile and

Dick says that this western getup was merely for publicity, as he cordially loathes horses.

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, MARY IS RITZING GUY--- HE'S CALLED AGAIN AT HER HOTEL--- AND LOOK---
12-30
I SEEM TO FIT IN LIKE A LOUD VOICE IN A SPEAK-EASY! I CAN STAND ANYTHING EXCEPT SEEING HER WITH ANOTHER FELLOW---ESPECIALLY A HANDSOME FELLOW!
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1928, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service
YOU FIND MISS LAFFER ALL RIGHT, MR. GREEN?
YES, I FOUND HER--- BUT NOT ALL RIGHT! SHE WAS WITH A MAN WHO I BET IS TRYING TO STEAL HER FROM ME!
A MAN TRYING TO STEAL HER? WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
HE LOOKED LIKE HE COULD DO IT!
FRANK SMILEY
Dr. HUEMER

This strip, circa 1928, written by Bill Conselman of 'Ella Cinders' fame under the Frank Smiley pseudonym. It was released by the now long-defunct Metropolitan Newspaper Syndicate which became absorbed in United Features many years after the strip had perished. Dick Huemer drew it for several years between his normal occupation as an animated cartoonist.

crude and atrociously drawn and no more lifelike than a paper doll.

Another milestone that comes to mind is to the credit of Albert Hurter. If that name has a familiar ring it is because for many years, from about 1931 until he died of heart disease in 1938, he was one of Walt Disney's paladins. Albert was a superb sketch artist whose proficiency with the pencil (he never used any other medium) was surpassed only by one of the most bizarre and fertile imaginations I have ever encountered in or out of the animated cartoon business. The book of his collected drawings, "He Drew As He Pleased," gives only an inkling of what he had to contribute to animation. Disney had the very good sense to use Albert, not as an animator, but as an innovator and sketch artist. He gave him a free hand and all day long Albert sat at his board, puffing on black cigars and letting his mind run riot over the paper. At the end of the day he would have a tray full of butts and a little pile of magnificently drawn ideas and characters from any of which you could build a whole animated sequence.

But when he worked at the Mutt and Jeff studio, Albert was an animator. It would never have occurred to anyone to use him in any other way even though we all appreciated his magnificent drawing ability. Who could have afforded it anyway? Nor was he an outstanding animator except for the one incidental bit I have in mind. I think we were working on a submarine picture which required an American flag. But instead of the usual economical three or four drawing reverse and repeat cycle, Albert who happened to look out of the window and see a flag fluttering in the breeze, studied it and imitated it in animation, and when the finished cartoon was viewed for the first time in our projection room there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Oh I'm exaggerating all right, but only to try to give some idea of how wonderful we thought that bit of animation was. Albert had done a new and brilliant thing. He had animated from life.

I recall trying a few innovations myself. A particularly outlandish one resulted from my continual search for new ways to register a "take." I finally achieved the ultimate. All the features of Mutt's face — eyes, ears, nose, eyebrows, mouth, yes even his moustache — whirled off, circled wildly around his head and then smacked back into place. I never was able to top that, although I did seriously consider having all the flesh, hair and features do a similar aerial rigadoon around his bare skull. I wisely refrained.

Another time I experimented with a new way to fill in those laboriously dull in-between drawings. I got the idea from noting the blur effect on a piece of live action film. So instead of neat, clean, all-drawn-out inbetweens, I made masses of pen scratches all going in the direction of the action from hold position to hold position. I never got to prove anything, for when Barre caught sight of my great time-saving invention he gently but firmly discouraged it. Not that he wasn't forward-looking and progressive but I guess he thought it was sort of cheating not to draw the whole thing out. The next time I saw something similar was many, many years later. I refer to the

The dialogue balloon animated up, remained long enough to be read, then exploded or whirled away. While it was held, only the character's mouth animated in a simple 3 drawing cycle with no attempt to form words or syllables, as was necessary later when sound came in.

"blue streak" effect in Walt Disney's "Tortoise and the Hare" short, circa 1934, on which I did some animation. At least in Disney's case there was a legitimate reason for doing it. A story point. What better way was there to delineate blinding speed. And with color yet (blue, of course) to help the illusion.

And then there was the time I again tried to prove the point that in very fast action it didn't matter too much what the inbetween drawings looked like. I sneaked in a little experiment which finally got on the screen. As I recall, the action was of a bottle flying across the scene. Spaced here and there between legitimate bottle drawings I had inserted a shoe or an alarm clock. When the finished scene was projected, it was impossible to discern that it wasn't a perfectly legitimate piece of animation, and that ANYTHING BUT A BOTTLE HAD FLOWN THROUGH THE SCENE. Naturally in a slow action such a procedure would be out of the question.

Walt Disney's conception of the Multiplane camera which achieves a feeling of depth and naturalness in his feature cartoons was anticipated in effect way back before the twenties by Carl Lederer. Carl's idea did not involve the camera. It would have been simply unthinkable from an economic standpoint, even if he had thought of it. Solely from a mechanical angle, Disney's invention is not only elaborate but very expensive. What Carl had in mind was to get the sensation of depth by drawing the whole thing out on paper.

When Lederer explained his idea to Barre, that forward-looking producer encouraged him to go ahead with it. In those days a simple panorama was moved behind the cartoon character as he ran or walked in one place, similar to the painted scenery in the well-known Keystone Cop panorama chases.

What Carl finally did was to make a hook-up repeat of about 25 drawings of a city scene. This scene consisted of three separate levels of buildings, one behind the other and moving slower as they receded into the distance. I won't go into the technical process that required Carl to laboriously trace the three different speed levels on to each of the 25 finished cycle drawings. To us, the effect was sensational. We used it over and over until it finally wore out.

Carl Lederer also had the dream of making a serious, well-drawn semi-feature cartoon about Cinderella. I can still picture this nice-looking earnest young artist hunched over his animation board, plugging away, eternally puffing on an old pipe, never skylarking or kidding around the way the rest of us did. But pneumonia cut short his dreams of something a little better in the animation game.

The feature cartoon was to await the coming of the great Magician from Missouri. ●

Cartoonists in Movie

Some prominent cartoonists recently acted as extras in the upcoming Columbia Pictures movie "The Loving", which stars Eva Marie Saint and George Segal. L. to R., Frank Ridgeway (he writes "Mr. Abernathy"), Bill Yates (Prof. Phumble), George Segal, Jerry Marcus (Trudy) and John Norment (Norcross Greeting Cards).

Cameras were actually rolling during this cocktail party scene. Eva Marie Saint is in the center of the photo and Jerry Marcus is at her right.

David Crane

Following is an interesting talk we had not so long ago with CREIG FLESSEL, who draws the DAVID CRANE strip for PUBLISHERS-HALL Syndicate. The strip tells the story of a small town minister and his daily problems. David Crane is not a denominational minister and Publishers-Hall has been very careful to preserve this idea, as you can understand. Many ministers and churchmen apparently feel that the strip presents a very good picture of their problems and church life in general. Their only occasional criticism seems to be that church problems don't always work out happily in real life. As one minister commented, "Actually, the minister often finds himself in the wrong, and his 'solutions' only create new problems."

Q: Were any of your family active in art, Creig?

A: Well, my aunt was an art teacher and painter and my mother had always painted. There were always plenty of crayons and lots of paint around the house. And my mother used to make her own Christmas cards, I remember.

Q: What got you interested in cartooning?

A: I liked cartooning and used to read the old Evening World. Vic Forsythe, who did the comic strip 'Joe Jinks', was my idol at the time. And the sports cartoons of Burris Jenkins were favorites of mine.

Q: Did you do any drawings for any publications when you were in school?

A: Yes, even before high school, I used to do drawings for church magazines — the Methodist Target, for instance. I was really bitten by the cartoon bug by this time. In high school I was art editor of all the magazines, did posters, and in fact I was always drawing. Incidentally, I was born in Huntington, Long Island, got my schooling there and still live there. I did live in New York for a couple of years later on but then I went back out there.

Q: Did you get anything more than the usual amount of art training in high school?

DAVID CRANE

MEANWHILE
THESE FARMERS ARE DESPERATE AND I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR SLAUGHTERING THE PIGS.
BUT I TRIED TO PERSUADE THEM TO GIVE THE MEAT TO THE NEEDY INSTEAD OF DESTROYING IT.
CREIG FLESSEL 1-31

Flessel spends a lot of time drawing for servicemen in various hospitals in the New York area.

A: No — I just spent as much time as I could in the art room. At one point in my high school career, I did a sport cartoon for the local paper.

Q: What happened after high school?

A: I graduated in 1930 — right at the bottom of the depression. I went into New York and talked the Grand Central Art School into giving me a job as a hall monitor and as a class monitor. The School was at Track 17 and the top floor was Grand Central Terminal. As a result, people from Westport, and other towns, would get off the trains and wander into the school to spend a few hours looking at the models so my job was to check people coming in and I had to know everybody who belonged in the school. I was known as 'Joe the Bouncer' at that time.

DAVID CRANE

NONE OF THE FARMERS ARE WILLING TO GIVE THE PORK TO THE NEEDY... THEY SAY THEY WANT TO BURY THE MEAT.
SO PEOPLE WILL BE IMPRESSED WITH THEIR PROBLEM.
DO THEY ALL FEEL THAT WAY?
ALL EXCEPT ONE YOUNG FELLOW NAMED BRAD MARTIN, BUT I'M AFRAID HIS FATHER WILL DEMAND THAT HE GO ALONG WITH THE PLAN.
BE CAREFUL, DAVID!
CRAIG FLESSEL 2-1

I would spend half a day being a hall monitor and the other half being a class monitor, but also studying art during this second half. I studied with Harvey Dunn and others at this time. The Dunn class was great because Mario Cooper, Harold Von Schmidt — all the top names — would come in.

Q: Was it native ability or hard work which brought you to your present position in the art field?

A: Like most cartoonists and artists, I felt that this was the only thing I wanted to do — I didn't know anything else. As far as studying with people is concerned, I think all art is self-taught. I shouldn't say this — since I teach down at the School of Visual Arts in New York — but you really can't teach anybody anything — you can just stir them up — light a fire under them. Art is a thing I always wanted to do — it's just natural that I went ahead and did it — I never questioned it. During the depression, when I got out of school, I had no money to go to school but there was no question in my mind — art was the thing I had to do. I got waylaid for a while — I worked in a boat yard to get money — I worked on Willie K. Vanderbilt's estate as a gardener, etc. I spent about two years at the Grand Central Art School and then money got pretty tight and I had to round up some jobs. William K. Vanderbilt had a big estate in Centerport, near our town — it's a museum now — and in addition to gardening, I was a trusty — I could go inside and water the plants. I also remember I had to put ladders outside up to the balconies where I watered the geraniums and the ivy. In fact, this was really more of a plant-watering job than a plant raising and gardening job. I recall one funny occasion when I climbed up to a balcony and noticed one of the photoelectric burglar alarms which Mr. Vanderbilt had had installed everywhere. It looked as though the alarm was on so I stuck my hand out, bells rang out all over the place, and Vanderbilt came running out hollering, "Did you do that?" Nobody knew how to shut the bells off and it was about an hour before they got them stopped. During this period as a gardener, I was going to art school at night in Harvey Dunn's class — 3 nights a week. We did life drawing and were also required to do a picture a week. Wednesday night was 'criticism night'. Everybody lived for Wednesday night, when Harvey Dunn would put each student's work up in turn and then rip it up and down — including Von Schmidt's stuff and Cooper's and the rest of them.

One of Creig's early pulp magazine illustrations.

Q: How did you get your first art jobs after that?

A: Well, living in Huntington, in close proximity to New York City, I was able to get into town and follow the ads in the paper. And although they didn't advertise, I went into Street & Smith on one of these trips and later on started doing some illustrations for their 'pulp' magazines. During the same period, I answered a N.Y. Times ad for illustrators wanted by Vince Sullivan and

A Creig Flessel Comic Book Cover.

Whitney Ellsworth who produced 'Superman'. They were starting the original comic books back in 1935 and 1936. Their books were 'More Fun Comics', 'Adventure Comics', 'Detective Comics' and they were the forerunners of the present National Periodical Publications group. At this time you would get $5 a page for writing, drawing, doing the lettering and coloring the silverprints — the whole works.

Q: What were some of the characters you created for their books?

A: I created such sterling characters as Steve Conrad, Hanko the Cowhand, etc. Later on I did 'The Sandman'. The first thing I did for them was a double-spread on the inside, of little Walt Kelly-type characters — little elves — painting the acorns and the leaves. Later on, I graduated to doing covers — in fact I did most of the original covers on 'More Fun Magazine', etc. As I look over the covers I did to begin with — the mild Norman Rockwell type of thing which is the only thing I know, being a country boy at heart — I notice how those covers change to the 'Superman' and 'Batman' type of covers.

Q: You were also doing some cartoon advertising work, weren't you?

A: Yes. I had answered a J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency ad and the girl up there said, "What are you bringing comic stuff here for? Go over and see Tom Johnstone at Johnstone & Cushing." Austin Briggs, the illustrator, was doing Camel ads, Joe King was there, etc., and the only way I could get any work was when one of them got too busy and I got a chance to ghost their style. So I got to do both semi-comic and comic work and I could do the realistic stuff too. One thing led to another and I got a few accounts under my belt — I think a 'Mighty Fine Pudding' ad was one of the first ones I did.

Q: At this period were you getting any additional art school

NO WONDER I MARRIED MY BOSS' SECRETARY!
IT ALL STARTED A YEAR AGO THIS TIME
I WANT TO GIVE MY CUSTOMERS SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO REMEMBER ME BY. ANY SUGGESTIONS?
H-M-M...THAT RULES OUT THE USUAL STUFF THAT'S HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW
I KNOW SOMETHING THAT HAS HUNDREDS OF DAILY USES IN OFFICE AND HOME...THAT'S NEVER OUT OF SIGHT...THAT LASTS A LIFETIME...AND EVERYBODY LIKES IT
NAME IT, SWEETHEART, AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN TONIGHT
THIS HANDY BOSTITCH PERSONAL STAPLER, OF COURSE. YOU USE YOURS AS MUCH AS I USE MINE FOR FASTENING LETTERS, ORDERS AND OTHER PAPERS
YES, AND I'VE SEEN 'EM USED FOR POSTING BULLETINS, WRAPPING BUNDLES, MAKING DISPLAYS, PRICE TAGGING SHELVES, COVERING BOOKS AND REPAIRING ROLL CURTAINS. IT'S A NATURAL
WHAT A HIT BOSTITCH BB's MADE WITH MY CUSTOMERS
THANKS A MILLION FOR YOUR THOUGHTFUL GIFT. IT'S THE BEST REMINDER I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS. MY WIFE WENT BIG FOR IT, TOO...SO I GOT ONE FOR HER AND THE KIDS FOR HOME DECORATING AND HOBBY WORK
CRAIG FLESSEL

A Flessel advertising illustration.

Another Flessel Comic Book Cover.

training?

A: Bill Smith, the young genius illustrator, had some life classes in his London Terrace apartment in N.Y. which I used to attend occasionally. I recall going with my wife on one evening when we had to step over the nude model who was posing in the doorway — I don't think my wife has ever quite gotten over it.

Q: What is your work schedule like?

A: I'm a day worker — nighttime is alien to me. I get up at 7 o'clock and walk and jog along the beach at Huntington Bay about a mile or so up the beach and back with a neighbor's dog. By the time I get back, my wife, Marie, is up, we have breakfast and I try to get to work by 8:30 or 9 o'clock. I try to be finished by 5.

Q: When did you start doing the 'David Crane' strip?

A: In 1960.

Q: What did most of your work consist of immediately prior to this time?

A: I had gotten into textbook illustration for Ginn & Company — I was doing advertising — magazine covers — covers for 'Pictorial Review' — teaching in adult education — doing a lot of things I wanted to do. I had done a Bible series of drawings not so long before that too, as I recall.

Q: Since you do a strip which has a religious background, have you always tended in that direction yourself?

A: Well, I grew up in a Protestant family and I've always been a member of the church — a trustee, etc., and now I'm on the Publicity Committee and I've worked on Finance Campaigns and things like that. All of this has helped me in doing 'David Crane' because I believed it. I forgot to mention before that I had previously done a series for Doubleday — entitled 'Know Your Bible'.

Q: What were the circumstances of your starting to do 'David Crane'?

A: Well, early in the summer of 1959 or 1960 our family had planned a 5-week camping trip out through the west, and just at that point I was called in to the syndicate and was told that Winslow Mortimer wanted to give up the 'David Crane' strip. Mortimer

The DAVID CRANE Sunday Page referred to in the accompanying interview.

David Crane
by CREIG FLESSEL
SWEET AD-O-LINE
EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT ME BEING OLD FASHIONED...WITH THIS NEW SUIT AND HAT, I'LL SHOW 'EM!
HOW DOES MY NEW SUIT AND HAT LOOK, EM?
WONDERFUL, FRANK... YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BEST DRESSED MAN IN CHURCH TODAY.
I THINK SO!
1-21
BAH!

Jesus pauses to comfort a poor cripple

Flessel Bible illustration.

started this strip, incidentally, for what was then The Hall Syndicate (Now Publishers-Hall Syndicate). This was a fine opportunity and I did a sample and then announced that I was going on a 5-week camping trip. Maybe I was being too independent but anyhow we went on the trip and when I called the syndicate upon our return, they said, "You've got it." I guess several other fellows had tried out so I got quite a little satisfaction out of winning the so-called competition. I had gotten used to this competition at The Johnstone Cushing studio, by the way. Also at Johnstone Cushing I had learned to work rapidly since clients always seemed to need work yesterday. That experience helped me out with the strip.

Q: Can you tell us any interesting experiences which have grown out of your doing 'David Crane'?

A: I've taken several trips around the country — I was invited by the Presbyterian men of the Georgia Synod to speak at one of their meetings outside Atlanta about the strip. And so I developed a flip card presentation, taking strips and blowing them up and telling the story of 'David Crane' along with the drawings. Since then I've gone out to Midland, Michigan and other places with this talk also. I cover a typical story in about 20 flip cards. People are always interested in where your characters come from. I explain that I might look through 'Time' magazine or 'Life' for a picture of a good character and just hope that Stan Drake didn't pick out the same guy. Just like the time that 'Juliet Jones' and 'Flash Gordon' both pictured Louis Calhern with a handlebar moustache at the same time. And on one occasion people swore that I used one of the deacons in our church as a character in a Sunday page. In some cases, I may sketch someone I know and then use him in a strip.

Q: Do you clip pictures for a morgue?

A: Yes, I've got a fairly large file of things like animals, etc., and I clip the fashion magazines. And I've already mentioned the fact that I would look through magazines for photos of types I may want to bring into 'David Crane' later. I take the National Geographic, although I don't cut that magazine up.

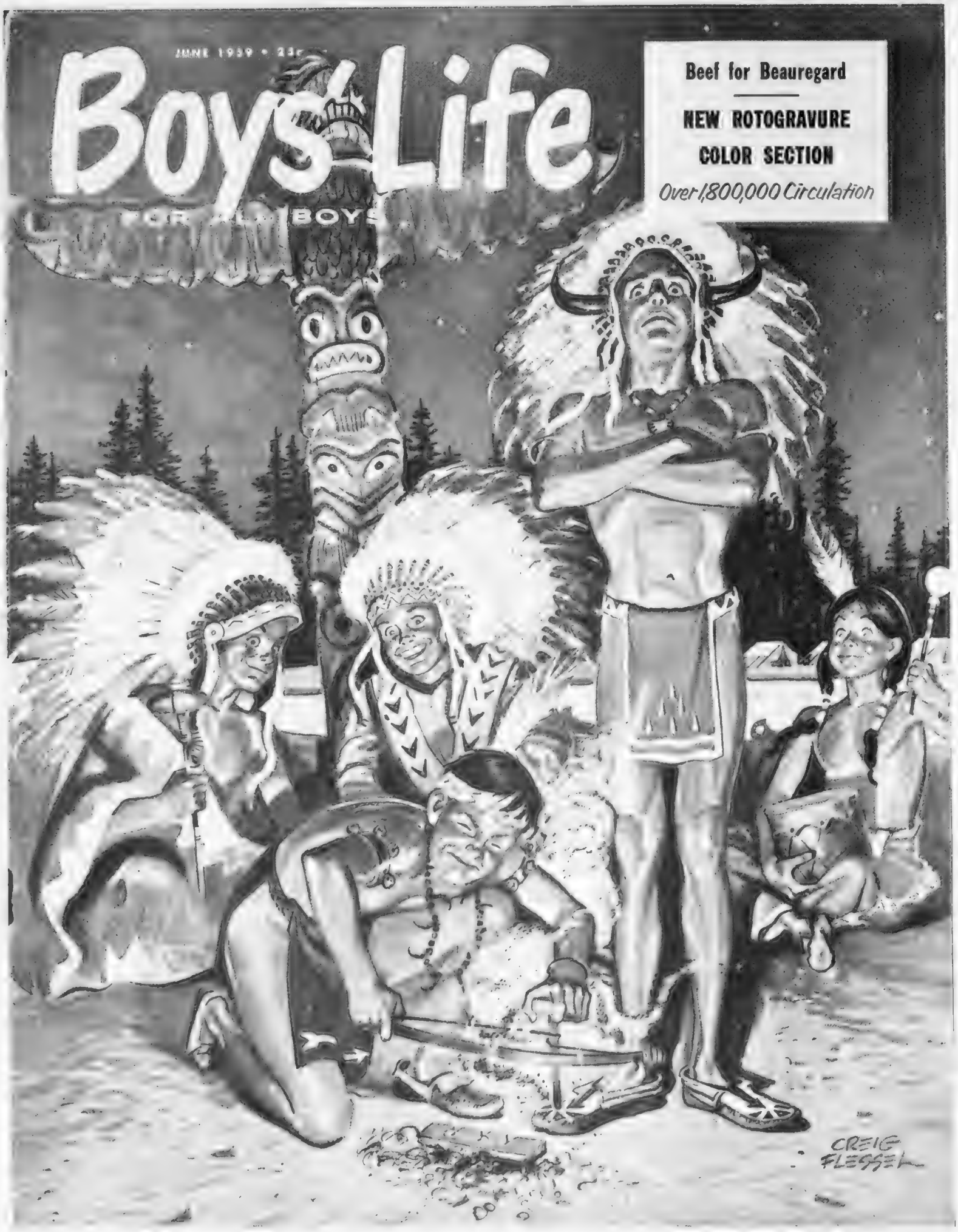
Q: When aspiring young cartoonists come to you for advice about their training, what do you tell them?

A: Well, I tell them that in addition to their art ability, it's a great thing if they can get a well-rounded schooling in languages, history, etc. So many of the kids coming up today think that all you have to do is to know how to draw. They should realize that the top men in our field are the most articulate, the most well-rounded, the best educated guys in the business. You have to have more than just some little gimmick in your work — you have to be a complete person. They've got to expose themselves to everything. Incidentally, the School of Visual Arts — where I teach — does have courses in a number of these fields I mentioned above which are important.

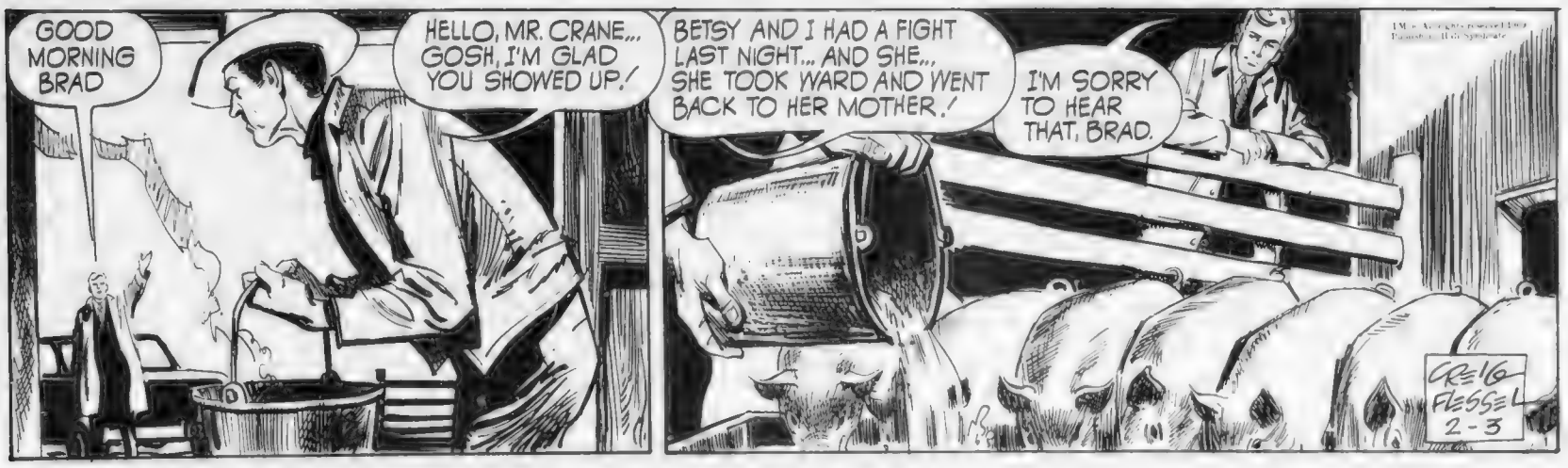
Q: You said that there was something that should be added at this point, didn't you?

A: Yes — I was going to say that although I think I do a creditable job on 'David Crane', that type of art work probably isn't what I do best. Some of the figures and also the dogs in the Sunday page which you're including with this story — semi-comic drawings — are what I think I do best. Sometimes I get into a little trouble in 'David Crane' — a serious type strip — by going a little too far into the semi-comic treatment. I'm really a meat-and-potatoes, big foot comic artist at heart.

Q: Do you have any thoughts about anything you might do to



A Flessel cover for BOYS' LIFE magazine.


GOOD MORNING BRAD
HELLO, MR. CRANE... GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP.!
BETSY AND I HAD A FIGHT LAST NIGHT... AND SHE... SHE TOOK WARD AND WENT BACK TO HER MOTHER.!
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, BRAD.
CREIG FLESSEL 2-3

improve your strip?

A: Since the strip is about a minister and Christianity, I often have a feeling that our stories ought to get down to the 'nitty-gritty' of today's life and problems a little more than they do — perhaps they're too sugar-coated. I've had letters from readers who wanted the strip to tackle race problems, etc. It seems that comic strips are the last to get really involved — in the way that books, plays, movies, etc., are involved today in these things. Which reminds me — we Americans seem to accept all these things when a strip is produced in another country. Take the case of 'Andy Capp' drawn in England for the Publishers-Hall Syndicate. Since Andy is English, readers and newspaper editors have accepted his drinking, and other rowdy tendencies, in wholehearted and enthusiastic fashion — whereas they might not if Andy was an American.

Q: Do you have any help on 'David Crane'?

A: Just the help of a gal in town who does the lettering on the strip. Although I've never had a full-fledged assistant, I have been one myself. I worked with John Striebel on the 'Dixie Dugan' strip in the early days. And I worked for Al Capp for a time — doing penciling on gals in the strip.

Q: You said that you have to be flexible in this business, didn't you?

A: Yes — very flexible. Let's say you start out in pulps and think they're going to go on forever — then suddenly they're dead. Maybe you're working in the comic book field and they go into a decline for a number of years — what then? Or you get into comic advertising which goes along smoothly for 25 years — then TV comes along and again you're dead! Or perhaps you start doing a cover a month for 'Pictorial Review' and it goes out of business. You've got to be able to shift gears when a change comes along.

Q: Can you think of any cases where you've had to change a strip because of events which had just happened in real life?

A: At the time of the Kennedy assassination, we had a sequence showing a robber escaping from a bank and a policeman chasing after him and shooting him. Before this strip appeared in the paper, the gun was taken out of the policeman's hand and the crook was shown dropping dead from a heart attack. The syndicate was afraid that more violence just at that time would not be a good thing. ●

DAVID CRANE

THE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE WILL BE HERE AND THE TV CAMERAS... WE SHOULD HAVE NATIONWIDE PUBLICITY.!
ARE YOU READY TO TRUCK YOUR PIGS OVER YET, BRAD?.. WE WANT TO KILL THEM ALL ON THE SAME DAY.!
NOT YET, FATHER.!
CREIG FLESSEL 1-11

THE AL WILLIAMSON STORY

Photo by Ed Aprill, Jr.

Al and Arlene Williamson in the studio

Al Williamson, who is presently doing the SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN strip for King Features Syndicate, has had a distinguished career in the comic book field, as all of us know. Recently, we had the following interesting conversation with him about some of his early days in the business. We understand that one reason the former 'Secret Agent X-9' strip was changed to 'Secret Agent Corrigan' was to make the hero seem more like a human — a real personality.

Q: What sparked your first interest in drawing, Al?

A: Well, to begin with, I was brought up in Bogota, Colombia — my dad is Colombian and my mother American incidentally. I remember the date of my first interest perfectly — 1939, when I was about 9 years old. A teenage friend of mine said, "Hey, Al, I'll trade you these magazines for those skates of yours." He was referring to a comic book called 'Paquin', printed in Mexico and available all over Latin America. It carried reprints of American comics — 'Terry & the Pirates', 'Secret Agent X-9', 'Don Dixon' — a takeoff on 'Flash Gordon', etc. Included also were strips from Buenos Aires, Argentina, and some from Europe. One of these which particularly caught my eye was called 'The Underwater Empire' by an Argentine cartoonist. I looked at these drawings — they

were beautiful — I loved them — and I really got hooked. I said to my friend, "The skates are yours!" There were about 9 of the magazines — the whole bunch probably cost about 10 cents. The kid went off with a pretty good pair of skates and he thought that *he* had the better of the deal!

strips from Europe and Argentina so there were quite a lot of different things included in the magazine.

Q: Did you start drawing furiously at this point?

A: No, not until about a year after that, when I was ten. I started drawing in school, of all places — where else. I didn't want to learn time, of course, I knew 'Buck Rogers', which was included in 'Paquin', and I was all caught up on rocket ships, etc. — it was a great, great time for me. She told me that the movie would be about these same rocket ships but I couldn't believe it. I said, "Ahh, they don't make movies like that!"

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN

Bradley leaves camp to sell the stolen guns...
I WISH I'D KNOWN HE WAS GOING OUT AGAIN, VIVIAN. SOMEONE SHOULD LOOK FOR MR. CORRIGAN...
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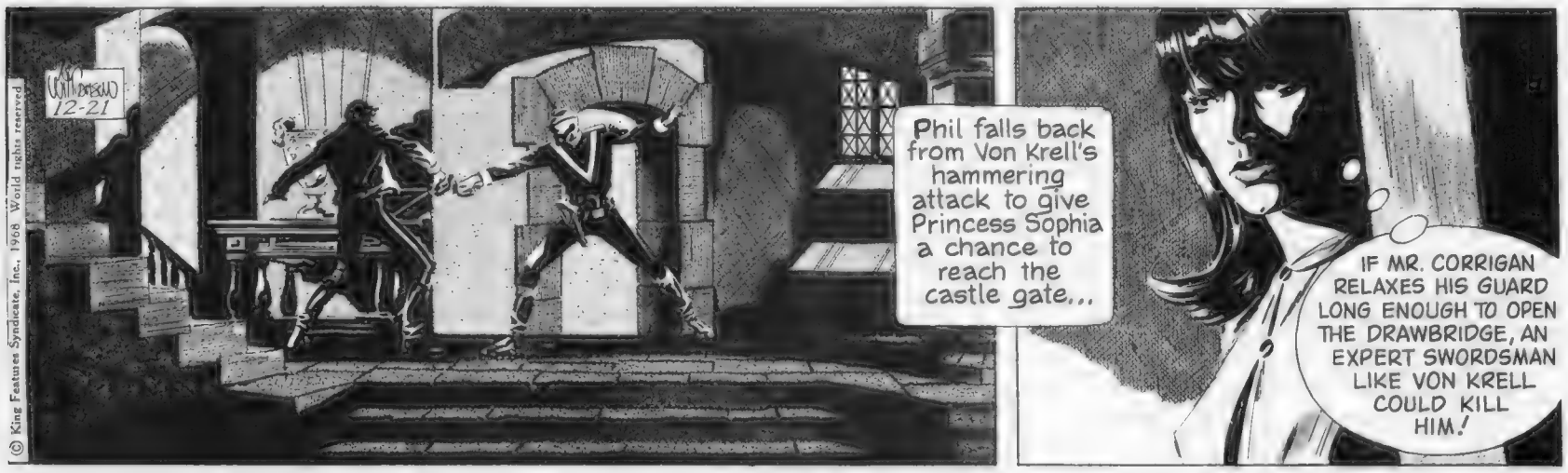
HE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG. I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM..
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED, DR. STONE!
Meanwhile...
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE WATER! IT LOOKS LIKE I BET ON THE WRONG CAMEL!
Williamson 4-4

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN


Williamson 12-21
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1968 World rights reserved
Phil falls back from Von Krell's hammering attack to give Princess Sophia a chance to reach the castle gate...
IF MR. CORRIGAN RELAXES HIS GUARD LONG ENOUGH TO OPEN THE DRAWBRIDGE, AN EXPERT SWORDSMAN LIKE VON KRELL COULD KILL HIM!

Q: What happened following this?

A: I started to collect 'Paquin' wherever I could. The Mexican publisher who produced the magazine bought a lot of his comics from Editors Press Service which translated the American strips here in the U.S. and sold them to different countries in South America. And the Mexican firm bought other anything — I just wanted to draw. All of a sudden, I decided I wanted to be an artist. I wrote and drew an adventure strip — I decided one day that I wanted to be a cartoonist — not just an artist — a cartoonist! Then one day in 1941 my mother announced that she was taking me to a movie. She said, "They're playing just the kind of a movie you like." By that Finally evening came and we went to the movie — the news came on — the cartoon came on — the coming attractions came on, and I still insisted that there couldn't be a movie like that. Then the titles came on — FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE! I knew of Flash Gordon, since he was included in 'Paquin' but being a kid I wasn't really aware of

the good drawing. I had seen one Sunday page where Flash Gordon was knocked out and I thought he was a sissy. Behind the movie titles I saw rocket ships flying and I was fascinated! They showed the first half of the picture that night and the second half the following day. I got home and I knew I had some Flash Gordons — he was my hero then. This was the point at which I really started looking at the stuff and I realized how great Raymond was! I also had some Flash Gordons in French, etc., and these Raymond pages are what really got me interested in good drawing. And that's how I got started.

Q: Had you drawn at all before your teenage friend traded you the comic books for your skates?

A: Well, I drew houses and cars most of the time — nothing else. I didn't copy them, just made them up.

Q: You may think that this will call for an immodest answer, but would you say that it was a lot of native ability or just plain hard work which caused you to rise in the profession?

A: I think I loved drawing because I had found something. I guess basically as a kid I wasn't a very happy kid — drawing was something I had found that was my own. I had found my world — comics, and drawing comics — I loved it! You know, you may see an artist who draws beautifully — he knows his anatomy, his perspective — everything is just perfect. But maybe he hasn't got that one little spark that another fellow has. Maybe the other fellow's perspective isn't quite right, or his drawing may be a little off — but he's got that extra something — he loves it. He's giving more than just art work — his enthusiasm is showing through. In my own case, it wasn't that I was a good artist, but I loved my work and I think it showed. I'm so grateful to that guy who traded me the magazines for my skates.

Q: Well, once you had been bitten by the Flash Gordon bug, did you start to copy Raymond's strips?

A: Yes I would copy them, and Hal Foster's 'Prince Valiant' pages, and Hogarth's work, etc. I think I learned a heck of a lot by doing this. But it wasn't till 1943-44, when I came to the states, that I really started drawing on my own. Of course, before that, I used to make up a lot of stuff — I didn't just copy constantly — but in 1943-44 I noticed a change in my work. I was 13 or 14 then and I really started making the stuff up. Now, as I look back at some of the work I did then, I realize that I had a good imagination — more than I have now, frankly.

Q: When you left Colombia, were you in high school?

A: No. I hadn't reached high school yet — actually I didn't go to school much since they don't have public school in South America. I guess that was one of the reasons I was kind of lonely — I never seemed to get along with kids. Which was why I was so enthusiastic when I got my own thing in the form of a great interest in art and cartooning.

Q: What was the first work you did for publication after coming to the States?

A: Work which I did for Steve Douglas at 'Famous Funnies'. I met Douglas in 1946 — I was just a kid — I'd go up to 'Famous Funnies' and he'd give me originals and let me stay a while to look at the art work for the various features. But I didn't start working for him till 1948 when I felt I'd really like to try something.

Al and Arlene

Photo by Ed Aprill, Jr.

Shown here is one of the Al Williamson pages for the 'Flash Gordon' books he mentions in the story.

DID YOU GET HIM.? IT'S TOO DARK TO TELL!
I THINK SO-- WHICH IS UNFORTUNATE. HE HAD A SECRET IDENTIFICATION MEDAL WITH HIM... YOU MAY NEED IT!
I THINK WE CAN DO WITHOUT IT! WORDAN'S FACE IS TOO FAMILIAR TO BE QUESTIONED!
HOURS LATER, IN THE CAPITOL CITY OF ALANIA...
DR. BONO! DAVRO! WORDAN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN!
ZARKOV! FLASH GORDON! WE'RE GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I GATHER IT'S A MEDICAL PROBLEM, YOU ARE ALL SPECIALISTS IN THE FIELD. WHAT IS REQUIRED OF ME?
WE CAN DISCUSS THE PROBLEM ON THE WAY, DOCTOR. THE ROCKET IS WAITING, WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!
MOMENTS LATER, ONE OF MONGO'S SWIFTEST STRATO-FLIERS SPEEDS TOWARD THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT...
LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS AGO WE RECEIVED AN URGENT PLEA FOR HELP FROM KING DONIN.

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN

As Phil jumps the sheriff...
MR. TRASK! HE'S OVER HERE!
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THEY'RE ON THE GENERAL STORE ROOF!
7-5
CORRIGAN GOT THE SHERIFF'S GUN!
BUT WE'VE GOT THEM OUT-NUMBERED AND SURROUNDED! THEY'RE TRAPPED!

Q: Between the time when you arrived in the States and the time when you went to work for Steve Douglas, did you get any formal art training?

A: Only the Saturday morning classes which Burne Hogarth conducted. We students would make drawings and Mr. Hogarth would correct them. Unfortunately, though, it always turned out to be a Hogarth finish. Naturally, this comment isn't meant to disparage Hogarth's own work in any way, but I think he sort of killed a lot of spirit there by being so aggressive in his own way of correcting your work. He would not correct it on a sheet of paper — he would correct it right on your drawing. I was a kid at the time and I couldn't say to God — "Hey, knock it off!" You just don't say things like that. I think it would have been better if he had done his correcting on tracing paper. I lost interest and never finished anything.

Q: Without much formal art training, how did you become the fine draftsman that you are?

A: Well, I was always looking at good art work — Raymond, Foster, and at people who were good draftsmen. I loved Caniff's work but I wasn't geared for that type of work. I didn't think that way — I enjoyed it like I enjoyed Roy Crane — I love Roy Crane's work but again I'm not geared for that type of art work. I guess my type of drawing is more the illustrative — I prefer looking at illustrative pictures. I studied Raymond as a kid, and I copied his work. All you need is a couple of Flash Gordon pages and you've got an anatomy course right there. He had the anatomy and he had the proportions. I used to draw Flash Gordon all the time. I learned to draw by imitating Raymond. This is the way I learned how to draw figures.

Q: Now what happened to you after your work with Steve Douglas?

A: I did a few jobs for him on and off and then, after that, I worked for Elliott Caplin and Toby Press and did the 'John Wayne' comic books. I think Al Capp owned Toby Press and his brother Elliott, was the editor. He was very nice and gave me a crack at 'John Wayne' and liked what I did and I did quite a few of those stories. I also remember doing a 6-page Science-Fiction story

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN

IT'S THE AMERICAN! BUT HE WON'T GET PAST FRITZ!
12-13
Fritz is down and out—but will Phil reach the other guard in time to save Princess Sophia?
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for him. This was in 1949-1950. Awful stuff though — terrible!

Q: Were you putting all your time on comic book work?

A: Yes, but I was a goof-off — I would work maybe 2 or 3 days out of the week — if that. I used to be a very fast worker because I had to be — I used to goof off most of the time. But I guess I got my big break in comic books with Bill Gaines, of E.C. Publications, in 1952. Gaines, of course, is now the publisher of 'Mad' magazine. Bill and Al Feldstein around 1950 started publishing two Science-Fiction comic books and several horror titles and Harvey Kurtzman edited several war books. Kurtzman wrote them and then had people like Wally Wood and Jack Davis draw them. These books were beautiful. I loved their Science-Fiction because it was the only chance I had to draw Alex Raymond-type people. Everyone working for E.C. at that time was really great. They were all working very hard. Everyone was anxious to see what the other fellow had done. For instance, whenever Jack Davis would come in with a job, we'd all look at it and say, "Great!" Etc., etc. Three or four months after I started working for Mr. Gaines, 'Mad' magazine be-

Photo by Ed Aprill, Jr.

gan. Up till that time, I guess the planning of it had been kind of secret. I remember seeing some work which Jack Davis had just done — it was sort of on the funny side — and wondering what book that was going into. 'Weird Science' and 'Weird Fantasy' were the two Science-Fiction books, by the way, which Gaines was producing at that time. These were bi-monthly. Then there was 'The Vault of Horror'. This was one of the books that got everybody in trouble. The first story I did for Bill was a horror story — but not a bad one — I wasn't ashamed of it, in other words. After that it was almost always Science-Fiction that I did for him. Maybe I did one or two crime stories.

Q: Then what came next?

A: Well, then came the great Comics Crash, and I started working for very small publishers at the rate of about 13 dollars a page. Things seemed to be getting pretty grim for me and I didn't do much work and then early in 1960 I got the call from John Prentice. I was very excited about the prospect of working for him and decided that I'd start at the bottom again. I had never done so-called 'civilian' work — people wearing suits, ties, etc. — I'd always drawn them with boots, and ray guns and tights. I figured what better strip to learn to draw civilian types with than 'Rip Kirby'. Of course John is a fantastic artist. It was very difficult for me to do this civilian work but John was very patient with me — he showed me ways to lay out a certain panel and got me to re-studying Raymond in a different way than I'd been doing. Formerly, I had just looked at the drawings but, at Prentice's suggestion, I began to look at the way he told a story, the way he would lay out a page. John, a fantastic teacher, showed me how to work out a situation. Take, for instance, a layout where you particularly like the way the blacks are handled. You can copy this layout but it doesn't have to be the same picture — you can use the same arrangement of blacks but the drawing can have an entirely different idea. He showed me how to take a perspective line — I didn't know anything about perspective. After 5 or 6 months I really started producing for John.

Q: What were you doing on 'Rip Kirby' at this point?

A: I would lay out a strip and then pencil and ink the backgrounds. Later on I would lay out a strip and then John would tighten the penciling on the main figures. Next I'd tighten up the backgrounds and then John would ink the whole thing — figures and backgrounds. I didn't think my inking was very good but once in a while, if I felt brave enough, I'd ink the backgrounds. This always scared me, however, I worked like this for John for two or three years and then he gave me a chance to do the whole thing on occasion. So, after that, every once in a while, I'd do almost a complete strip for him — penciling and inking. In doing the inking, my ink eraser really worked overtime at first! John would ink the heads of the main characters, when he first started me on my own, and then finally I graduated to being able to do the whole strip from time to time. At that time I was doing some other ghosting for other artists. I helped John Cullen Murphy get ahead on some of his 'Big Ben Bolt' strips. That was when Murphy was planning to spend a year in Ireland which he did shortly after that.

Q: Did John have a studio in New York at that time?

A: Yes. Originally, he had a studio with Leonard (On Stage) Starr on 56th Street when I first started working with him in 1961. Howard (The Dropouts) Post was in the studio also. Then John went to Mexico to live and work for a while and I went with him. Naturally, I spoke the language and I was anxious to go — after all, that's where 'Paquin', which started it all, had been published. When we came back from Mexico, John again shared a studio with Leonard till he found his own quarters. Would you believe it — I was in Mexico for a year and a half and I could only find one copy of the magazine. If I'm not mistaken, 'Paquin' means 'Little Kid'. I'd like to say that the best art training I had was working with John Prentice. Working with him really gave me a good basic education in the art field. It was very good — the best thing that happened to me in the field.

Al Williamson and son, James Ralph, in Al's studio at home.

Q: What came next?

A: Well, comic books started getting back into business in the middle fifties. I was itching to do my own work again — signing my name to it and all that — and I started doing work for Western

SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN

Madame Lei and her superiors intently watch the well-matched opponents...
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1969. World rights reserved.
ICE IS MAYBE THE BEST I'VE EVER FACED! BUT EVEN IF I BEAT HIM...
...I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED—A PRISONER!
3-6

Printing and others. And then I had a chance to do a 'Flash Gordon' book in 1956 and that was really a fun job. And then right after that, King Features asked me if I'd like to do the strip — 'Secret Agent X-9'. 'Flash Gordon' was a comic book for King Features — they started publishing their own comic books. I did only three issues of the 'Flash Gordon' book — Nos. 1, 4 and 5. It was just as I was finishing No. 5 that Sylvan Byck called and asked me about 'X-9'. Bob Lubbers was going on to do another strip for another syndicate so that's how I got the chance.

Q: What kind of a schedule do you keep at the drawing board?

A: 9 to 5, hopefully. I did quite well with that schedule, as a matter of fact, till about a year ago when we moved into the new house and then, suddenly, everything went out of whack. Now I have to burn some midnight oil. We have a brand new baby boy 5 months old, and he's sort of taken over. I used to keep to a 5 day week but now I find myself often working 7 days a week — and I think the work is suffering from this business of working whenever I can and not when I should. I do work up on the third floor, away from household activities, and I'm hoping that we'll be able to keep James Ralph from invading the studio from 9 to 5 as much as possible as time goes on.

Q: You said something about your wife, Arlene, helping you on your strip, didn't you?

A: Yes, she does the lettering on the strip, and she did the lettering in the 'Flash Gordon' books I spoke about a while ago. And she does the lettering for John Cullen Murphy on his 'Big Ben Bolt' strip. Incidentally, the name of my strip has been changed to 'Secret Agent Corrigan'. As you know, it was formerly known as 'Secret Agent X-9'.

Q: Did you ever take photographs to put in your reference file?

A: Yes, I do. To begin with, I have a fairly good file of reference materials — clippings of cars, ships, backgrounds, etc. These clippings are also helpful occasionally in making layouts. If you refer exclusively to pictures you've taken yourself, you keep getting

Sketch done for a 'Flash Gordon' page.

the same kind of layout. Whereas if you have filed photos that other people have taken, they may help you to get a new look in some of your layouts.

Q: Is there a chance for a young fellow who wants to get into comic book and strip work, to do so these days?

A: Sure. There are a lot of very good artists but not too many, unfortunately, that have the real spark, the real enthusiasm which makes them stand out. I know of one artist coming up who is rather good — a guy named Bernie Wrightson, who's only 20 years old, and working for National Periodical Publications. He doesn't have a set character that he works on — he does different stories for them, mostly on the Science-Fiction, Fantasy or Horror lines. He pencils and inks his own work — I think he's got a talent, he's got something. He's going to get better and better — he's one of the few who's really got it, of the new crop of artists and cartoonists.

Q: Would you recommend art school for someone who aspires to get into your line of work?

A: Well, I know that at different times when I've attended life drawing sessions that my work was improved after that. Some people get a lot out of art school but we've already talked about the way I learned — just by doing a great deal of drawing by myself, copying and observing the masters I admired, etc. I guess the method one uses is something only he can decide.

In conclusion to this Al Williamson story, we are indebted to him for asking Jack Promo and Marvin Giles to write the following account of the recent Detroit Triple Fan Fair of 1969 for CARTOONIST PROfiles.

By JACK PROMO & MARVIN GILES

The Detroit Triple Fan Fair of 1969 was held at the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge in downtown Detroit during the weekend of June 7-8. Several hundred fans — devotees of ancient movies, science-fantasy, and the comics — attended.

The highlight of the Convention was the banquet on Saturday evening when noted science-fantasy authors Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett (husband and wife), and Al Williamson of "Secret Agent Corrigan" were presented Nova Awards.

While the Hamilton's Nova was given for high achievement in the writing of science-fantasy tales, Al Williamson's was for equal excellence in illustrative art — and was the first Nova to be awarded in this category.

Al Williamson is well qualified to receive the first Nova given an artist. His fame rests upon impressive and well-known achievements. His work in the classic E.C. science-fantasy titles was among the best this Company ever published — his illustrations for King Features "Flash Gordon Comic Magazine" earned the Silver Plaque of the National Cartoonists Society for "exquisitely rendered panels" — and his current work on the

Photo by Ed Aprill, Jr.

Jack Promo giving the Nova Award to Al Williamson while Al's wife, Arlene, looks on.

"Secret Agent Corrigan" strip makes it one of the finest of its type. Not to be overlooked as contributing to Al's success is his colleague, Archie Goodwin, who has written many of the stories that Al's pen brought into vibrant life.

Seldom has there been a convention where the guests of honor gave so freely of their time to the fans. It was not unusual to see the Hamiltons autographing their books for one group of fans while Al held court to another group nearby. Also brightening the Fan Fair with their presence were Al's lovely wife, Arlene, and their six month old son, James Ralph.

At a question and answer session, Al gave a clear view into the day of a comic strip artist, as well as information on the comics industry itself. He also delved into the history of the comics, particularly the adventure strip.

During this period strong hope was expressed by those present that one of the big Detroit newspapers might see fit to add "Secret Agent Corrigan" to its roster of comics.

Mr. Williamson donated one of his "Secret Agent Corrigan" original strips to be sold at the auction, which helps defray Fan Fair expenses. The bidding for this beautiful and desirable item was fantastic. It finally became the proud possession of a young man after the bid ended at the sum of $61.50. Al, with characteristic humor, autographed the panel "to the last of the big time spenders".

(Editor's note: Al wrote the following caption himself.) Fatuous Al Williamson and the Nova Award Plaque.

Our arrangement with Mr. Williamson, as with any other donor, is that 25% of the proceeds from his gift will be presented to the Milt Gross Fund in his name. In this case, we have sent a check for twenty-five dollars to that worthy cause.

The Triple Fan Fair of 1969 was certainly one of the most memorable of conventions, being made so, in no small part, by its Guests of Honor — Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett and Al Williamson. ●

Recent Discovery!
BUD FISHER SCRAPBOOKS

During the upheaval occasioned by the recent move of the Bell-McClure Syndicate from its former location to 1501 Broadway in New York City, John Osenenko, Executive Vice-President, made a rare find on some dusty shelf of several very old and very rare scrapbooks of the fabulous Bud Fisher and his creation 'Mutt & Jeff'. Many of the pages, and even the strings around these books, were almost disintegrated, with the result that John immediately had the sheets covered with acetate, to prevent further damage. Consequently, some of our reproductions will, understandably, look a little worse for wear. But the content and flavor of these clippings remains.

CARTOONIST PROfiles is greatly indebted to Mr. Osenenko for giving us the first chance to publish several installments of these important and nostalgic items.

We had one very strong reaction to the material in these scrapbooks. In those days, newspapers, in which 'Mutt & Jeff' and most other comic features originated, 'took care of their own' as far as publicity and space in the papers themselves was concerned. Nowadays, it seems to us that comics receive more promotional boosts via television specials, phonograph records, special clothing items, books, etc., than they do from their home bases — the newspapers.

As you will see in the following pages, when Bud Fisher came to town his visit invariably made front page news and his activities during his stay were thoroughly chronicled. Newspaper interviews were standard procedure everywhere.

John Osenenko called our attention to the fact that, in those days, strips such as 'Mutt & Jeff' appeared 6 columns in width in the papers, and that the cartoonists frequently drew their originals 3 times the size of the printed strip. Naturally, this called for a technique in drawing different from that required in doing today's 4-column, small-sized strip.

Bud Fisher

HOORAY FOR MUTT AND MAISIE!
JEFF, LISTEN TO THE CROWD! WE'RE A HIT! THAT HUNDRED-BUCK PRIZE IS A CINCH! IT'S IN THE BAG!
JITTERBUG CONTEST $100 TO WINNING COUPLE
10-6
THIS IS THE LAST DANCE! MAKE IT GOOD!
BOY, I NEED A SMOKE AFTER THAT! GOT A MATCH, MUTT?
?
REFEREE
JITTERBUG CONTEST
Fisher

Los Angeles Examiner

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 23, 1914

JAIL BOGUS BUD FISHER; CHARGE PASSING BAD CHECKS

Man Who Says He Is Sam G. Fisher Taken Into Custody at Baths

TWO YEAR HUNT IN L.A. ENDS

Posing as Well Known Artist Draws Paper Against 'Security' Bank

Front Page News!

Posing as "Bud" Fisher the cartoonist, a youth giving the name of Sam G. Fisher was arrested early today after he had passed an alleged fictitious check, secured an annual complimentary Turkish bath ticket and had been dined by Dr. Alex Pattie, one of the owners of the bath.

For more than two years the police and private detectives have searched for a man posing as the cartoonist. At regular intervals checks for various amounts have been passed by a bogus Fisher.

Last evening the prisoner appeared at the baths and introduced himself as "Bud" Fisher.

CASHES CHECK

Dr. Pattie, after a conversation, cashed a check for the young man for $10. He then took the man to his home to dinner and also issued him a complimentary pass to the baths for 1915.

Dr. Rader, a partner in the business, was not so sure about the identity of the young man and called up a newspaper and asked if "Bud" Fisher was in the city. Being assured that the real Fisher was in New York, he summoned Detectives Shy and James of the city police. When "Fisher" returned to the baths he was engaged in conversation by Shy. "Fisher" told, in an amusing manner, how he started life as a cartoonist, explained how he got his inspiration and related his alleged doings in detail.

TAKEN BY POLICE

Suddenly "Fisher" secured a real inspiration. He glimpsed a police shield in the hands of Shy and at once remembered he had an engagement. His effort to escape was stopped by James, who was standing at the entrance of the bath.

Fisher alleged that his real name was Fisher and that in Pennsylvania he had been known as "Bud" Fisher. He denied passing many of the ficticious "Bud Fisher" checks, although admitting that the check he gave Dr. Pattie was on the Security bank, a bank that does not exist.

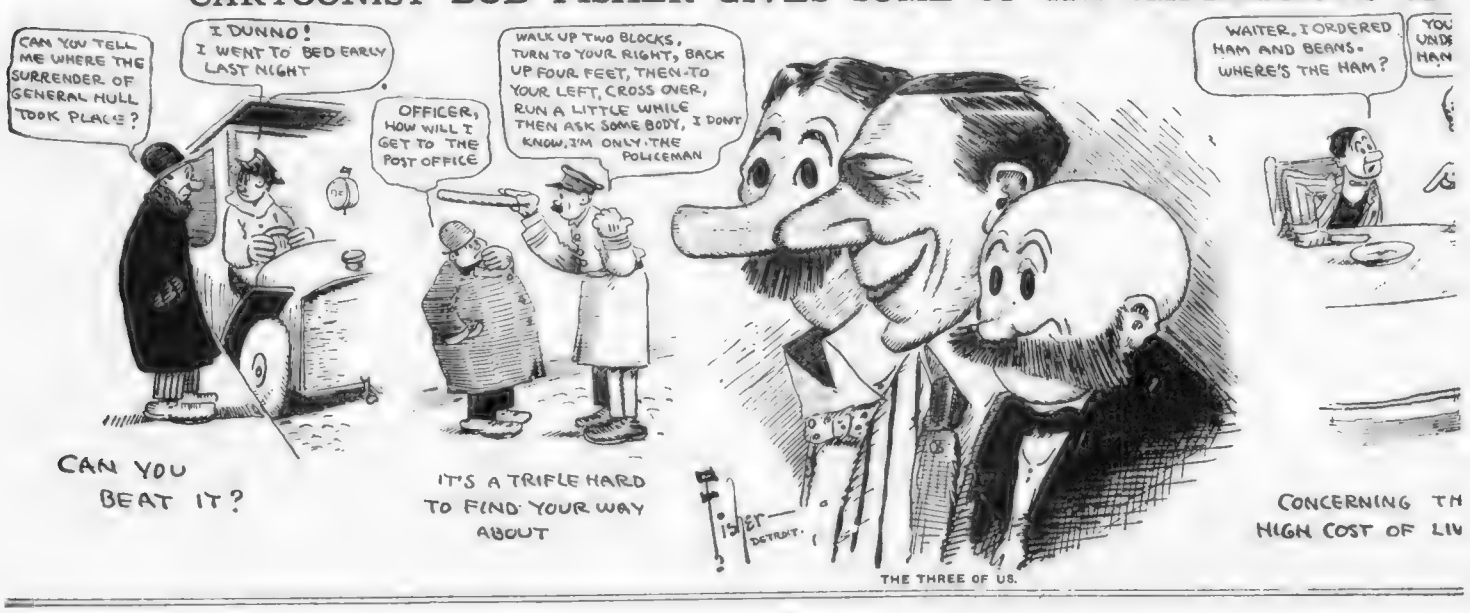
THE WEATHER:
Tonight, Warmer, Snow;
Saturday, Much Colder

The Detroit News

THE EVENING NEWS, 38TH YEAR, NO. 120. THE DETROIT TRIBUNE, 76TH YEAR, NO. 302.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911.—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

CARTOONIST BUD FISHER GIVES SOME OF HIS IMPRESSIONS OF


CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL HULL TOOK PLACE?
I DUNNO! I WENT TO BED EARLY LAST NIGHT
OFFICER, HOW WILL I GET TO THE POST OFFICE
WALK UP TWO BLOCKS, TURN TO YOUR RIGHT, BACK UP FOUR FEET, THEN TO YOUR LEFT, CROSS OVER, RUN A LITTLE WHILE THEN ASK SOME BODY, I DONT KNOW, I'M ONLY THE POLICEMAN
WAITER, I ORDERED HAM AND BEANS. WHERE'S THE HAM?
CAN YOU BEAT IT?
IT'S A TRIFLE HARD TO FIND YOUR WAY ABOUT
CONCERNING TH HIGH COST OF LIV
THE THREE OF US.

MAT. DAILY at 2
25c-50c-75c
2,000 CHOICE SEATS 50c
Except Sat., Sun. and Holidays
B·F·KEITH'S
PALACE
BROADWAY AND 47TH STREET
EVERY NIGHT
25-50-75c, $1.
1,000 ORCH. SEATS $1.00
Except Sat., Sun. and Holidays
TWO BIG CONCERTS SUNDAY | BEGINNING MON. MAT., FEB. 21.
DEBUT IN VAUDEVILLE.
JOS. HART PRESENTS
THE GREAT EMOTIONAL STAR OF BROADWAY'S BIGGEST HITS
JULIA DEAN
Late Star of "The Law of the Land," "Bought and Paid For," etc.
SUPPORTED BY A POWERFUL CO. in "MARIE ROSE"
A MELODRAMA OF THE WAR BY JOHN WILLARD.
6 American Dancers
Augusta Glose
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICED CARTOONIST.
BUD FISHER
Creator of "MUTT & JEFF."
(By Permission of N. Y. World.)
Mr. Fisher receives an annual salary of $104,000.
BALL & WEST
"SINCE THE DAYS OF '61."
ALLEN BROOKS
& CO. in "STRAIGHTENED OUT."
"ODIVA"
The Water Queen
assisted by a SCHOOL OF PACIFIC SEA LIONS.
Fancy Diving & Aquatic Sports.
HARRY TIGHE
and SYLVIA JASON
SECOND SUCCESSFUL WEEK (By Arrangement with Florenzo Ziegfeld, Jr.)
ROZSIKA
VANCSI
DOLLY SISTERS
and JEAN SCHWARTZ
IN A NEW REPERTOIRE OF SONGS AND DANCES.

Fisher Plays The Palace!

Bud Fisher, Assisted by Tom Mack.
Cartoonists.
12 Mins.; Two.
Hammerstein's.

It is almost impossible for any one to become famous, without being seized for vaudeville, or at least getting an offer from some enterprising impressario. "Mutt" and "Jeff" have long since been famous in the metropolitan district. The only wonder is that they have not appeared in vaudeville before, having appeared almost everywhere else. Bud Fisher to whom "Mutt and Jeff" owe their fame, has brought the couple into Hammerstein's, and with the assistance of Tom Mack, draws just one series of the two with "Mutt" chasing "Jeff" in the usual style and "Mutt" down and out at the finish, with a bucket of paint over his head. A second series brings "Mutt" to the altar. As a finish Fisher and Mack appear to be picking their subjects from the audience, drawing grotesque figures which brings light laughter. The best arrangement used by a cartoonist had been installed for Fisher. A long sign board is shown upon which are seven blank sheets of the same size. As each drawing is completed the sheet is rolled up like a window curtain, a vast improvement upon the old method of tearing off. Mr. Mack is quite as important in the specialty as Fisher, assisting in the drawing and adding speed to the arrangement. The boys, "No. 3," filled the place nicely, and made an interesting number. *Dash.*

Mrs. Bud Fisher.
Songs.
21 Mins.; Two.
Hammerstein's.

Hammerstein's ran Mrs. Bud Fisher's new act through like a production Monday evening. On the program "Mr. Arthur Hammerstein presented" the former Pauline Welch, who returns to vaudeville, again as a "single," under her wedded name, which did not injure her any, as witness the applause when singing "That's Art" with its reference to "Mutt and Jeff." The drawer of those famous comedy newspaper characters appeared at the finale, to take a bow with his wife, who kissed him sweetly as they were exiting. Then came flowers which Mrs. Fisher surrounded herself with, and before that Bob Russak had his admirers of "Tip Top Tipperary Mary" in evening clothes marching up and down the aisles singing the choruses of the song, while Herbert Clare nicely presided at the concert grand throughout the turn, working in a Shapiro medley meanwhile, as Mrs. Fisher changed gowns, and she changed for each of the four songs. The other two were "Let's Help Each Other Along" (opening) and "If I Only Had a Beautiful Baby Like You." Miss Welch was always a good looking girl upon the stage, and her absence from it has not taken her back as a "single." There is hardly any doubt but that as "Mrs. Bud Fisher" she is a desirable card on a vaudeville bill. *Sime.*

PAPERS THROW OUT AD.

When the New York American and Evening Journal last Friday dropped the Hammerstein theatre advertisement, no one understood the reason, until it was reported the Hearst papers had decided to make an attempt to prevent its cartoonists from appearing in vaudeville.

Winsor McCay was at Hammerstein's last week. Bud Fisher is another funny drawer on the same sheets who plays in the varieties. The American is said to have disapproved of this outside dallying, and ordered the Hammerstein ad. out as a warning to all vaudeville managers they might incur the displeasure of the Hearst publications if continuing to engage their cartoonists.

The vaudeville managers appear to believe it is a matter between the paper as employer, and the cartoonists, as employees. The lack of the Hearst support would not close the theatres, there having been show places in New York before Mr. Hearst came east.

Some managers say that a paper which will write the theatre advertisement, also an editorial, beside promising pictures, "write-ups" and other things—all for $1,000 a page—should not be too particular about small matters.

TT AND JEFF —WHY WORRY ABOUT RUSSIA WHEN WE HAVE TROUBLES OF OUR OWN?

Copyright, 1916.

BY BUD FISH

THE FORT WORTH STATE BANK
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
Mr Bud Fisher, April 10-1916
N.Y. City
Dear Mr Fisher,
We need mutt and Jeff at home to help us in mexico. Can you let them join our army? and catch Villa.
Your friend,
Marcus Bright Jr.
Age 11
YES CZAR START PACKING OUR JUNK WE ARE GOING TO MEXICO
DON'T FORGET MY RUBBERS
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MEXICO!
IT ISN'T WHAT YOU WANT BUT WHAT YOU GET THAT COUNTS
BUT MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME
POO! POO! FOR YOUR COUNTRY! OUR COUNTRY NEEDS US
THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO MEX-
How does this suit you Marcus Jr.?
Fisher
COPYRIGHT 1916 BY H.C. FISHER

Mutt and Jeff now in moving pictures. See them at your favorite the

MUTT AND JEFF AND RUSSIAN CZAR

N. Y. World

No Joke, Really, the Embassy Complained of the Cartoons.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Mutt and Jeff are no fit companions for the Czar of Russia, complained the Russian Embassy, in an informal protest against a series of cartoons by Bud Fisher appearing in the New York World. Whether, as the result of the embassy complaint or not, the cartoon printed to-day disclosed the fact that it wasn't really the Czar, after all. It was the Czar's valet who had passed himself off on Mutt and Jeff. April 18, 1916

Public Reaction!

TWO LITTLE GIRLS APEAL TO "BUD" FISHER.

The Times Record is in receipt of the following letter:

Sallisaw, Mar. 20, 1916.

Dear Mr. Fisher:

Will you please send Mutt and Jeff to Maxico and let them catch Vill and all them bad men. So our papa won't have to go. We are two little girls, age 6 and 9 years.

Ruby and Pearl Gregory.

MUTT AND JEFF LOSE FRIENDSHIP OF FORD.

1916

(Special to The World.)

DETROIT, Jan. 5.—Mutt and Jeff, the humorous creations of Bud Fisher, well known to all World readers, are "in wrong" with Henry Ford.

Until very recently the adventures of the famous pair appeared in the pages of a Detroit evening paper which is generally regarded here as very close to Mr. Ford himself.

As World readers know, Mutt and Jeff joined the peace expedition not long ago. Since then there have been evidences that their popularity with Mr. Ford was rapidly declining. The climax was reached, it is said, for Mr. Ford when an admiring band of Apaches conferred a platinum halo on the Hon. A. Mutt.

This much, at least, is unquestioned—that the famous couple have suddenly vanished from the pages of the Detroit newspaper, and Detroiters who wish to follow their adventures are flocking to put in subscriptions for The World

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU, SENORS, ARE ABOUT TO CROSS INTO MEXICO TO JOIN GEN. PERSHING. I EMPLORE YOU NOT TO DO SO!
THANKS, AMIGO, BUT PRAY, WHY NOT?
I ADMIT, AMIGO, THAT I AM NOT PERSONALLY FRIENDLY TO GRINGOS BUT I LIKE TO SEE, WHAT YOU AMERICANOS CALL "ZE SPORTING CHANCE"
THANKS AGAIN, OLD MAN, BUT THOSE MEXICAN TROOPS YOU SEE ACROSS THE BORDER ARE NOT VILLAISTAS, THEY ARE FRIENDLY CARRANZISTAS
TRUE! THEY ARE CARRANZAISTAS! BUT I ASK YOU AS ONE SPORTSMAN TO ANOTHER, DON'T CROSS THE BORDER NOW
THIS MEX. IS A NICE GUY BUT HE'S OVER CAUTIOUS ASK HIM HIS NAME, MUTT
AMIGO, WHAT MIGHT YOUR NAME BE?
VILLA!
COPYRIGHT 1916 BY H.C. FISHER
203

BIGGER = BRIGHTER = FUNNIER
MORE PRETENTIOUS THAN EVER

BUD FISHER'S ENORMOUS SUCCESS

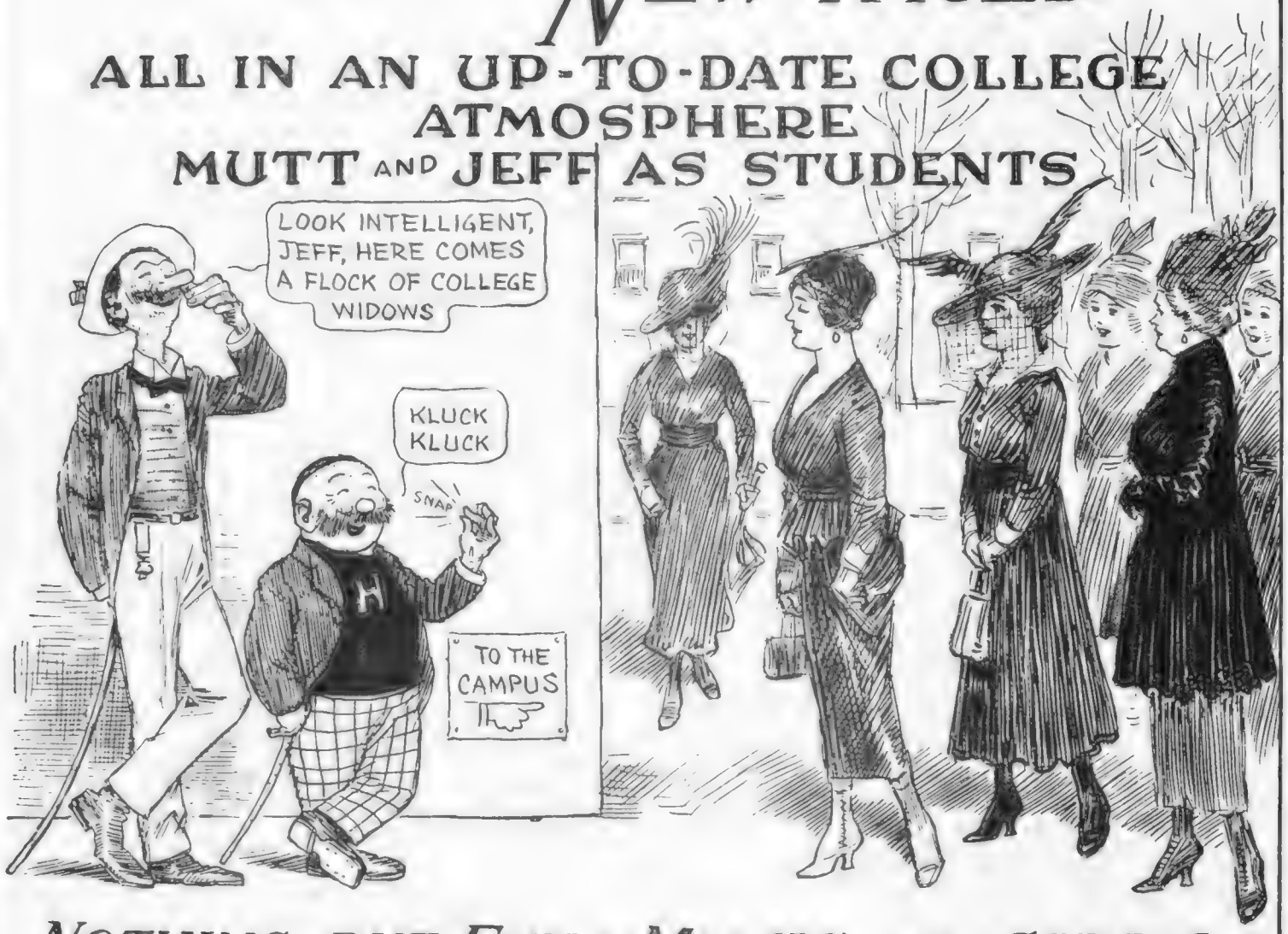
MUTT AND JEFF IN COLLEGE

Everything New This Season

GUS HILLS ENTERPRISES

NEW SCENES
NEW MUSIC
NEW FACES

ALL IN AN UP-TO-DATE COLLEGE ATMOSPHERE
MUTT AND JEFF AS STUDENTS



NOTHING BUT FUN - MUSIC AND GIRLS

SEASON 1915-1916

BUD FISHER'S

INIMITABLE CHARACTERS

MUTT AND JEFF IN COLLEGE

A BIG MUSICAL CARTOON REVIEW

VERYTHING POSITIVELY NEW

CO-ED of COURSE

WITH GIRLS PREDOMINATING

WATCH FOR DAY AND DATE

LEXINGTON THEATER

51st St. & Lexington Ave.

ONE WEEK

COMMENCING

MONDAY MAR. 6

Mats. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.

You will laugh buying your tickets

BUD FISHER'S

ANIMATED CARTOON

MUTT AND JEFF

IN THE

Submarine

(SECOND WEEKLY RELEASE)

IS CREATING A RIOT

AT

The Strand Theatre

NEW YORK CITY

FIRST RELEASE, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1916

JEFF'S TOOTHACHE

Mutt and Jeff Films

1600 Broadway **New York**

The more YOU read these advertisements the more useful to YOU we can make the "News."

"BUD FISHER'S MUTT AND JEFF PICTURES"

(Mutt and Jeff Films)

REVIEWED BY PETER MILNE

IF we were in the exhibiting line we would instantly seize upon "Jeff's Toothache" and "The Submarine," the first two animated cartoons drawn by Bud Fisher. And we would do so, no matter what program we were running, no matter what theatre we operated and no matter what variety of audiences we catered to.

"Jeff's Toothache" and "The Submarine" are excellent animated cartoon comedies containing funny drawings and funny plots and real plots. Shown to an audience which has been fed on slapstick pictures until it is sick at the sight of one, they ought to be received as enthusiastically as a blind man would receive eyesight.

Mr. Fisher's series of cartoons, portraying the adventures of Mutt and Jeff, have been running in newspapers for lo! these many years. They are known and are tremendously popular and no exhibitor need be fearful lest his audiences are not acquainted with Mutt and Jeff.

Usually the people were obliged to wait until the next day before witnessing the further antics of Mutt and Jeff after they had digested the morning or evening paper in which they were running. Now they can go to the theatre that afternoon or evening and see these creations in animation. The double diet won't hurt them for a long, long time.

Mr. Fisher has mastered whatever difficulties confronted him when he decided to draw for the camera, in exhaustive style. His cartoons are rapid in action, smooth in execution, void of eye straining jumpiness, and what is superfluous to add, they picture the same Mutt and Jeff that cavort in the papers.

Motion Picture News, Apr. 15, 1916.

Animated Cartoons and Vaudeville!

Mutt and Jeff Company to Offer Weekly Release

BY special arrangement the Mutt and Jeff Film Company has made an agreement with Bud Fisher, the famous cartoonist, to handle a weekly release of five hundred feet in which the two comic characters are starred.

The first issue has been shown at the Strand Theatre, New York, and scored a distinct success. It was also shown to members of the staff of the New York *World* at their annual dinner March 25, and won the approval of the newspapermen.

The company has established its own exchange at 1600 Broadway, where the main office is also located. The Chicago Branch office is at 207 South Wabash avenue, in charge of J. L. Freidman, vice-president of the concern.

The Mutt and Jeff cartoons are now running in more than a hundred newspapers in the United States, Canada, England, Cuba, South America, and Mexico. Mr. Fisher announces that he is going to introduce some new ideas of animated cartooning in the screen versions of Mutt and Jeff.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAJESTIC

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LAST TIME TOMORROW

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MONDAY, AUGUST 28
EVERY ACT A FEATURE

MINNIE SELIGMAN
and WM. BRAMWELL
Sterling Dramatic Artists in a Great Play

BUD FISHER
Famous Creator of
"MUTT & JEFF"

MASTER GABRIEL
In "Little Tommy Tucker"

ADELE OSWOLD
Vaudeville's Little Pink Lady

THE GREAT PIROSCOFFIS
HAWTHORNE & BURT
LAYMO'S NOVELTY

Mutt's Face Result of Bud Fisher's Study of "Maps" Seen Every Day

December 28, ~~1911.~~

The face of Mr. A. Mutt is a composite study of the human race as the merry jester who created him sees it.

"The greatest fun I get out of life is watching people," said Bud Fisher. "I never went into a cafe, a street car or a theater in my life that I didn't see something that struck me as funny. There's always some one man who makes me grin.

"'Well, old fellow,' I think to myself, 'you haven't got much chance in this world, your head isn't built just right.'

"And then I wonder how he bunks the world out of a living. And then I sit there and figure out all sorts of trouble for him. I wonder what he would do if this happened to him, or how he would act if that happened to him. I feel sorry for him and yet he amuses me.

"It was this habit of seeing the funny side of folks that gave me my chance when I was 'dubbing' around 'Frisco, making a living by taking photographs and drawing pictures of dead people in the morgue for one of the newspapers.

"I liked to go to the race track, because there you can find all the characters in the world collected. I began making sketches of the funny chaps I saw there. Out of them all I finally welded Mr. Mutt. I had a hard job of it, but I finally got him so that he worked for me regularly, giving me a fair chance to eat.

His Own Nose a Model.

"That lack of chin and that long nose are his chief characteristics. The lack of chin shows he has no especial determination, while that long nose shows he is one of these men who just keep rushing along into trouble that his lack of determination can't keep him away from."

"Tell us where you ever conceived that nose of Mutt's," one of The News staff who had gathered around Fisher asked.

The little artist swung his feet on the desk and his blue eyes danced as he pulled his own nose.

"I guess," he said, "I copied it from my own. You know I'm not lacking in proboscis."

And Mr. Fisher gave his somewhat extensive "smeller" another tweak.

"That photograph you fellows on The News ran of me got me a bunch of mail this morning," he continued. "The funny guys around your nice little city shipped in that picture. They added a few inches to the nose and labeled it A. Mutt. I confess I was startled by the resemblance."

Found Jeff in Asylum.

"Well, how did Jeff get into the business?" he was asked.

"Oh, Jeff just butted in by accident. You see, Jeff's godfather is James J. Jeffries. I never intended that he should live. But the folks who like my stuff liked him so I kept him. You know, really, I like poor old Mutt much better than I do Jeff, even if all the women do roast him for beating up Jeff. Jeff deserves it. Mutt found him in the asylum for the insane and made him famous and now people yell because he gets a whack on the head once in awhile.

"Mutt one day went into the asylum to make a book on the races. He conceived the idea that inasmuch as everybody was crazy in there they wouldn't know anything about the races and he could get rich.

"He was very busy studying out the dopesheet when in rushed a long-haired boob.

"'I'm Shakespeare,' said he.

"'That's all right, Shake,' answered Mutt, 'I'll see you later; I'm very busy.'

"Then came a man who announced that he was Napoleon.

"'See you later, Nap,' said Mutt, 'I'm too busy now.'

Jeff Started It.

"Another loon galloped in with a broomstick and a sign on his hat, General Delivery.

"'Vicksburg has been taken,' he shrieked.

"'Well, make them bring it back,' said Mutt; 'I'm busy.'

"And then came little Jeff. You see, Jim Jeffries was then the idol of the coast, and the poor, little bald-headed boob had the idea he was Jeffries. He insisted upon telling Mutt about it, and wanted to beat Mutt up. You can readily see by this that Jeff was the aggressor at first.

BUD FISHER.

"Well, the last picture showed Mutt still studying his dope sheet, with his foot resting gently but firmly on Jeff's neck.

"I saw several news kids laughing at the play on Jeffries' name, so the next day I had little Jeff and Mutt still in the asylum with Jeffries still trying to knock out Mutt. That took well, so I continued to use him. But Mutt's my favorite."

"Did you ever go to art school?" he was asked.

"Art," echoed the funny man. "Say, I always feel sorry when I see kids running to art school with a flock of pencils and paper. No, I never studied art."

Six-Fingered Mutt.

Then he grew serious for a minute, although he couldn't drive the twinkle away from his eyes.

"My success," he said, "rests in the fact that I make my characters do what I want them to. Art doesn't hamper my desires to express myself. I have no art in my system. All I have is an idea and I want to express it. It matters little to me whether a man's arm is drawn longer than his body or whether he wears a straw hat in winter time. I make them do what I want them to whether they appear awkward or not. For instance, I never did see a man going through a doorway and landing against a post, and I don't think he would look like the figure I draw when he does hit the post, but I get the idea to the reader and that is all I care. Very frequently I put six fingers on Mutt's hands, sometimes seven. I never take the trouble to count them. Little things like door knobs on doors are a nuisance. I never bother putting knobs on doors or carpets on floors. What's the use? Everybody knows they are there, or ought to be.

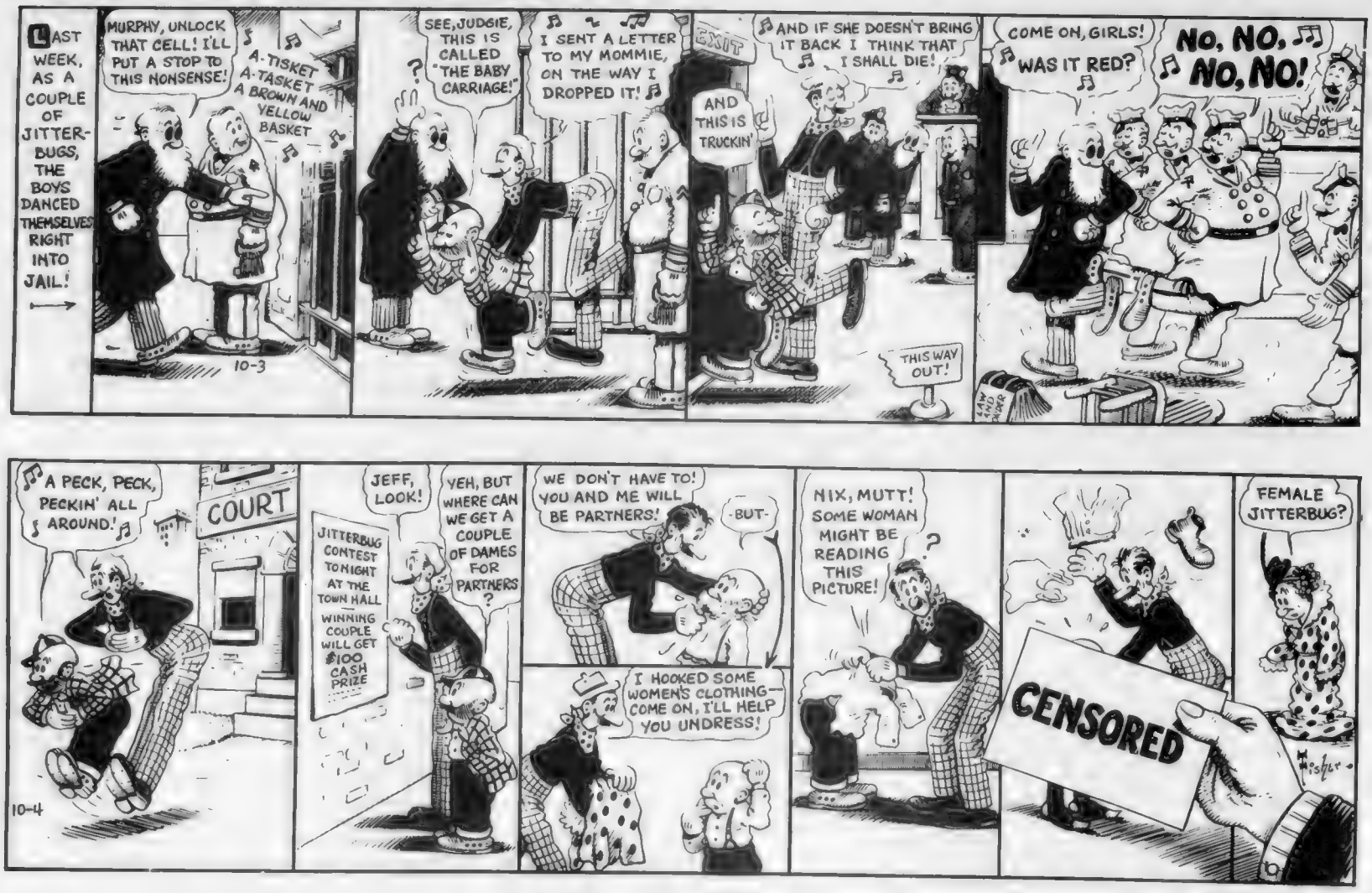
"I use as few lines as possible. People never blame you for what you leave out; they criticize you for what you put in.

"I never use unnecessary lines because they take away the mind from the main feature, the idea. Any ability that I have is directed toward the creation of an idea with the use of as few lines as possible."

Mr. Fisher talks of Mutt and his little pal, Jeff, just as though they were real living people. He never refers to them as drawings. He has been with them so long that they have grown to be, to him, as close personal friends. He delights in their adventures more than anybody else.

"Nobody gets half as much fun out of them as I do," he said, "because nobody else knows them as well."

Mutt & Jeff


LAST WEEK, AS A COUPLE OF JITTER-BUGS, THE BOYS DANCED THEMSELVES RIGHT INTO JAIL!
MURPHY, UNLOCK THAT CELL! I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS NONSENSE!
A-TISKET A-TASKET A BROWN AND YELLOW BASKET
10-3
SEE, JUDGIE, THIS IS CALLED "THE BABY CARRIAGE!"
I SENT A LETTER TO MY MOMMIE, ON THE WAY I DROPPED IT!
EXIT
AND THIS IS TRUCKIN'
AND IF SHE DOESN'T BRING IT BACK I THINK THAT I SHALL DIE!
THIS WAY OUT!
COME ON, GIRLS!
WAS IT RED?
NO, NO, NO, NO!
A PECK, PECK, PECKIN' ALL AROUND!
COURT
10-4
JEFF, LOOK!
JITTERBUG CONTEST TONIGHT AT THE TOWN HALL WINNING COUPLE WILL GET $100 CASH PRIZE
YEH, BUT WHERE CAN WE GET A COUPLE OF DAMES FOR PARTNERS?
WE DON'T HAVE TO! YOU AND ME WILL BE PARTNERS!
-BUT-
I HOOKED SOME WOMEN'S CLOTHING— COME ON, I'LL HELP YOU UNDRESS!
NIX, MUTT! SOME WOMAN MIGHT BE READING THIS PICTURE!
CENSORED
FEMALE JITTERBUG?

In this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles, we are including several 'Mutt & Jeffs' drawn by Bud Fisher and then some examples of the ever-popular strip drawn by Al Smith, who has been carrying on the feature for over 30 years. 'Mutt & Jeff' itself, of course, was created over 60 years ago and remains a classic.

JEFF, YOU'RE MAKING A HIT! THERE'S ONE OF THE JUDGES! AFTER THIS DANCE GO OVER AND SMILE AT HIM—THAT'LL HELP US TO WIN!
THE MULBERRY BUSH
JITTERBUG CONTEST $100 TO THE WINNING COUPLE
10-5
OH, JUDGIE, WHAT LOVELY, KIND EYES YOU HAVE! I KINDA LIKE YOU!
I KINDA GO FOR YOU MYSELF, HONEY!
JUDGE
SMACK!
SMACK!
SAY, YOU'RE NO LADY!
AND YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN!

'Mutt & Jeff' strip drawn by AL SMITH.

MUTT AND JEFF — IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM— **Created by BUD FISHER**

MUTT, YOUR SHIRT'S HANGING OUT!
IT'S SUPPOSED TO, STUPID! IT'S THE CASUAL LOOK! EVERYBODY WEARS 'EM OUT THESE DAYS!
GET WITH IT!
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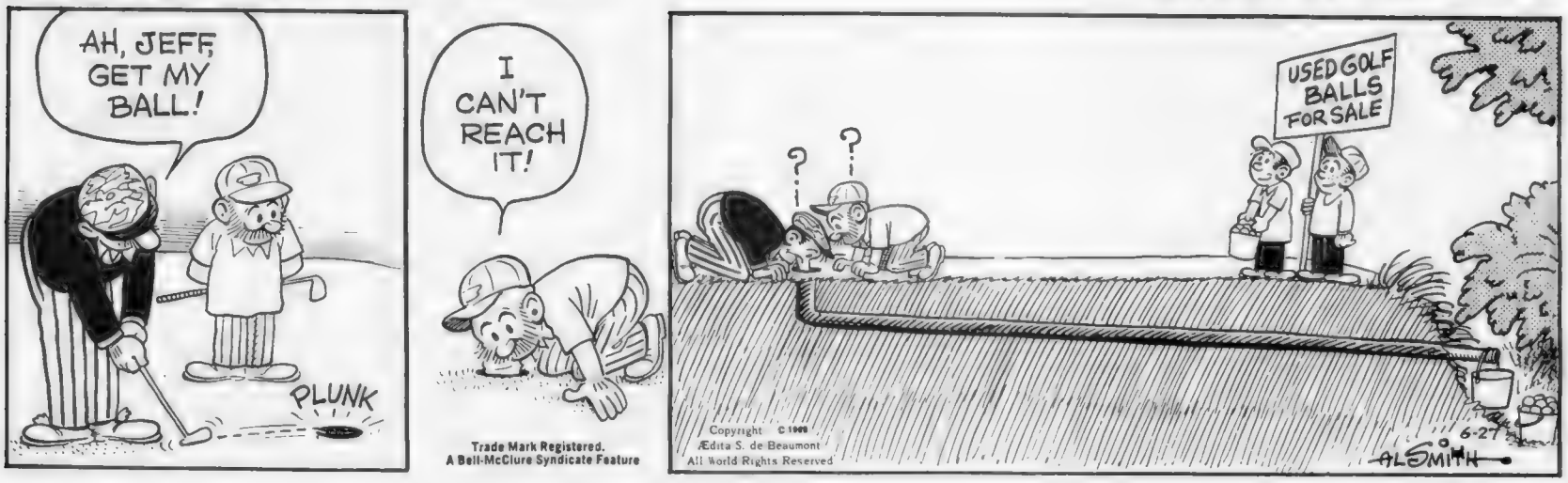
Trade Mark Registered. A Bell-McClure Syndicate Feature
6-23
AL SMITH

MUTT AND JEFF — GOING MOD THE OLD WAY **Created by BUD FISHER**

MUTT, REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS WHEN YOUR WIFE USED TO KONK YOU WITH A ROLLING PIN?
DO I?
WHAT MADE HER CHANGE?
PACKAGED FOOD! THE ROLLIN' PIN IS A THING OF THE PAST!
Copyright ©1969 Ædita S de Beaumont All World Rights Reserved
Trade Mark Registered. A Bell-McClure Syndicate Feature
WELL, DAUGHTER, I HAD MY LAST FLING! I THREW IT OUT-- I'M GOING MOD!
6-26
AL SMITH

Incidentally, elsewhere in this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles you will find reference to some of Fisher's activities in the animated cartoon field in an article by Dick Huemer of Walt Disney Productions.

MUTT AND JEFF — A GOING BUSINESS **Created by BUD FISHER**


AH, JEFF, GET MY BALL!
PLUNK
I CAN'T REACH IT!
Trade Mark Registered. A Bell-McClure Syndicate Feature
USED GOLF BALLS FOR SALE
? ?
Copyright ©1969 Ædita S. de Beaumont All World Rights Reserved
6-27
AL SMITH

48 Fun-Filled Years with SMITTY

This past June we went over to Port Jefferson, about 60 miles east of Manhattan on the northern shore of Long Island, to spend a very pleasant day, talking and reminiscing with one of the giants of the cartoon business — Walter Berndt, who has been writing and drawing the comic strip 'Smitty' for 48 long and exciting years. As you know, 'Smitty' is distributed by the Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate. We spent a little time talking with Mr. Berndt's wife, Mildred, who was soon off to the local St. Charles Hospital to add to the 2000 hours she has already put in as buyer and worker for its gift shop. And we spoke a little bit about their two sons, Walter C. Berndt, a test pilot for Grumman Aircraft, and Donald Berndt, the principal of Port Jefferson High School, and then we plunged into the following long conversation with the old master. The number of cartoonists who have been able to sustain a successful strip for this length of time can probably be counted on one hand so we were anxious to hear what makes Walter Berndt tick.

Walter Berndt

Q: Do you remember at what age your interest in cartooning first started?

A: Oh sure — back in grammar school. In fact I used to draw the program for the principal at graduation time.

Q: Did you ever take any of the correspondence cartoon courses which were plentiful in the days when you were growing up?

Q: No — I don't know whether to be ashamed of it or not but I never saw an art school. Oh yes, come to think of it, I did go to Pratt Institute two nights!

Q: You mean two nights a week or just two nights — period?

A: Just two nights! When I got there — and I'd had to walk about four miles — they had me drawing girls' dresses. I said, "This is not cartooning, this isn't for me!" The head man said, "That'll come later." To which I replied, "That's very nice, thank you, sir." — and that's the last he saw me.

Q: Did you draw for school papers?

A: No — I only went to high school one year — that was too slow for me — I wanted to be in the newspaper business. That year of high school was in Brooklyn, where I grew up.

Q: Was copying the funny papers your first experience with cartooning?

A: Yes. I'd always liked George McManus with 'Bringing Up Father'. Walter (Jerry on the Job) Hoban was a great pen artist and there were so many others. One man might draw better shoes or better feet than the other guy so I'd concentrate on copying his shoes and feet. Perhaps another

DAILY NEWS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1922.
SMITTY—MEET UP WITH AUGUSTUS SMITH
CAN I USE YOUR PHONE, MISTER?
HELP YOURSELF
HELLO-IS THIS MR BAILEY? DID YOU ADVERTISE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER FOR AN OFFICE BOY?
YES-BUT I'VE GOT ONE NOW
IS HE SATISFACTORY, MR BAILEY?
YES-HE'S ALL RIGHT
DIDN'T MAKE OUT SO GOOD DID YOU?
SURE I DID! I'M THE OFFICE BOY-I WAS JUST CHECKING UP TO SEE HOW I STAND!

The very first 'Smitty' strip — 1922

guy was particularly good at hands so I'd copy them. Another man might be an expert on cartoon backgrounds. Now you do this a lot and after a while you don't have to look or copy any more. Then maybe someone says to you, "Draw me a picture of a guy going down the street." You don't have time to think but you draw what you remember from copying these various men. Your own style comes out, and the first thing you know, you're in the swing.

And that's the way to do it. That's what I tell all the young people who come to see me. Copy from the papers because they are the best. They are the real masters in there — how can you go wrong? Do what I did and finally you'll be drawing your own way and the ability will come without you knowing it.

Q: Were any of your family artistically inclined?

A: My brother and sister could draw ten times better than I could but their interest just died somewhere and I kept going.

Q: After that year of high school, did you manage to get a cartooning job right away?

A: Well, I had a couple of little turns down on Wall Street as a runner to begin with. But I had a friend who was on the N.Y. Journal and he told me that there was going to be an opening on the paper. Someone in the art department was being promoted and they needed an office boy. I was getting 12 bucks a week down on Wall Street and I went to the Journal for $5 — a $7 loss. I was 15 years old at the time — I'd clean floors, scrub everybody's drawings, and when any one of the cartoonists had had a tough night, and hadn't shown up, I would do his 'pasteovers', as they were called. First, I'd get out one of his old strips. Then I'd select a joke from one of the three English joke magazines which the paper subscribed to, and then letter it on a fresh sheet of bristol board in such a way that I could then cut out my lettering and paste it neatly into the 5 or 6 balloons in his old strip. So that his strip for that particular day would consist of the old drawings and a new joke which I had pasted into the balloons. And I did a great many of these.

Q: When did you first get a chance to see any of your own cartoons in the Journal?

A: Milt Gross had been an office boy and had been drawing a 2-column strip "Then the Fun Began". He was promoted and they said they'd let me draw it and would raise me to 10 bucks a week. And, best of all, I gained the privilege of wearing a hat in the office and a vest which was always worn open. You could always identify cartoonists because they were the only people in the building who wore that uniform. Milt Gross, by the way, was my pal and he helped me an awful lot.

Q: What other cartoons were you doing at that time?

A: Well, I was taking Tad's place on Monday morning for sports. That was 8 columns and half a page deep and they gave me 10 bucks extra for that.

Q: I believe you said that you left the Journal after you'd been there for 4 or 5 years, didn't you?

A: Yes. Harry Hershfield, my other pal, said, "Look, you've been brought up as a kid here and they'll never recognize you — they still think you're the office boy — you ought to quit."

Q: Did you?

A: Yes, I quit and went over to the Telegram where I drew a strip called "That's Different". It was different alright — I never saw such a 'crummy' thing in my life. The Telegram had big splashes on the sides of their horse-drawn delivery wagons announcing that Berndt was doing "That's Different" but the strip was so bad that I tore up the contract I had with Jack Wheeler.

Q: You mentioned how exciting things were in those days. Can you say a little more about that?

A: Well, in the old days, all the cartoonists on a paper were in one room. We saw each other and

talked with each other every day. We all heard about the other fellow's exploits, told him about our own, exchanged jokes, experiences, etc. Today, one comic strip man lives in Connecticut, another in Florida, a third in Chicago, etc. It's much different.

Q: You were talking about E.C. Segar who created 'Popeye'. What about him?

A: Well, he was another buddy of mine. When he came from Chicago to N.Y. he didn't know anybody and I taught him to drive a car and told him what places to go to, etc. I used to go up to his place in the Bronx a couple of times a week. A funny thing — he had the letters MPO tattooed on his arm because he had been a 'Motion Picture Operator' in Chicago and that had represented the height of his ambition until he was brought to New York by Hearst. Segar had started to make some little drawings for motion picture magazines, and they were clever, and someone brought them to the attention of William Randolph Hearst, Sr. Hearst thought that Segar was pretty good so he brought him to N.Y. and said, "Draw a Strip." The strip was called 'Thimble Theater' to begin with, before the introduction of Popeye. Segar was a very shy fellow, and as I look back, it seems that he was only about 4 or 4-1/2 feet tall. But was he ever a master in his own home! He had a wife and 2 children and when he said anything, everybody jumped! Funny thing — I remember one time he said to me, "You're 22 or 23 — why dontcha get married?" Well, I'd had a girl friend all along so I said, "That's not a bad idea — what's a good day to get married?" "May 10th," he said, "same as mine." So I got married on the 10th, believe it or not.

Q: What came next after you tore up the Telegram contract?

A: Well, I'd only been married 10 days but I was a young guy and had a lot of confidence in myself, and I wasn't scared.

So I was talking to Seegie about things and he said, "Why don't you write the Chicago Tribune?" "Where's that?" I asked. Being a Brooklyn boy, I had no idea. Segar asked me what I was going to write about and I told him that the best character I could think of was the 'office boy' which I'd been for many years. I could always beat the boss to the answers and the tricks and I knew a million of them. So I drew up 7 or 8 strips of this kind, called it 'Bill the Office Boy', and wrapped them up and sent them to Chicago. Damned if I didn't get a telegram, signed 'Patterson' (Joseph M. Patterson, founder of the Daily News), reading "Very interesting — meet me Monday morning Daily News — change the heads — they're too big." I worked all night and had them all done the next day. I walked into the Daily News and during the course of the conversation with Patterson he asked, "How much were you getting at the other place?" I told him $75. He agreed to match that but I added that I was due for a $25 raise at the Telegram. He said, "I'll give you a hundred!"

Gee, I walked over Park Row and the clouds were pink, Brooklyn Bridge was pink, so help me! There's an interesting thing that goes with this. When Jack Wheeler said goodbye to me at my former job, he said to me, "You know, kid, some day you're going to make 300 bucks a week." Well, one day eight years later while I was bending over the drawing board at the Daily News office on Park Place, I looked up and saw Jack Wheeler who said only, "What did I tell you?" I was making more than $300 at that time. What a wonderful memory that man's got.

Q: How did the name of your strip get changed from 'Bill the Office Boy' to 'Smitty'?

A: You're not going to believe this — how we got the name 'Smitty'. Patterson said the title 'Bill the Office Boy' was too long. He said, "Hand me that phonebook." He took the phonebook, went 'zing' with his finger, opened up the book and said, "Smith — there we are — good name — Smitty!"

1933

Q: You mentioned something about being on Capt. Patterson's 'Secret Payroll'. What was that?

A: Well, he seemed to think that I was about the best color man around the office so he paid me out of his own pocket to monitor the News' Sunday pages. He told me to write each of the cartoonists and to give them suggestions about coloring their Sunday pages. Then each week I'd submit a report to him. I wrote to all the cartoonists except Frank King — I didn't write him because I considered him the master. And, incidentally, I'm the guy who started the 'star' system which is now widely used in rating movies. Each week, rather than say that such-and-such a strip had been colored better than the previous week, I'd give it 2-stars or 3-stars, etc., in my report to Capt. Patterson. I did this for a couple of years. Up to this time, the News carried "Orphan Annie", "Gasoline Alley", "Harold Teen", "Winnie Winkle", "Moon Mullins", "Teenie Weenies", "Andy Gump", and "Smitty".

Q: Did you say that at this point Patterson wanted to put comics into an additional 8 pages?

A: Patterson asked me to pick out these 8 so I wrote to all of my friends. Milt Caniff was one of them and he submitted a Sunday page about a German submarine and he had every bolt in it, believe me! Patterson wanted 8 Sunday pages which would go into dailies at a later date. Caniff hadn't even come up with 'Terry & The Pirates' at this point. Zack Mosley, Al Posen, Gus Edson were some of the other men.

Q: You spoke of getting Zack Mosley his job. Can you tell us about that?

A: Well, that's a wild story. There was one fellow who could draw airplanes very well — Zack wasn't so good yet — he was only a young guy but Zack had the ideas — he had action, adventure, real stuff, etc., so I wanted to get Zack the job. Patterson liked the other guy better because of his beautiful drawings. So I figured out a little scheme with the help of my friend C.D. Batchelor. I told 'Batch' that I planned to come into his office with Patterson with a drawing by the guy who did the beautiful airplanes and one by Zack. And that we'd ask Batchelor for his opinion as to which was best. I said, "Be sure and pick the one on the right." Batchelor agreed. So Patterson and I walked into Batchelor's office a little later and I said, "Batchelor, we need a little decision here — which one of these do you think is the best?" As you can guess, he picked the one on the right which was Zack's drawing.

Patterson didn't take the German submarine page of Caniff's but Milt was asked to submit an-

Letter from the legendary Capt. Patterson to Walter Berndt.

The Chicago Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

CHICAGO

November 30, 1923.

Mr. Walter Berndt,
c/o The News,
25 Park Place,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Berndt:

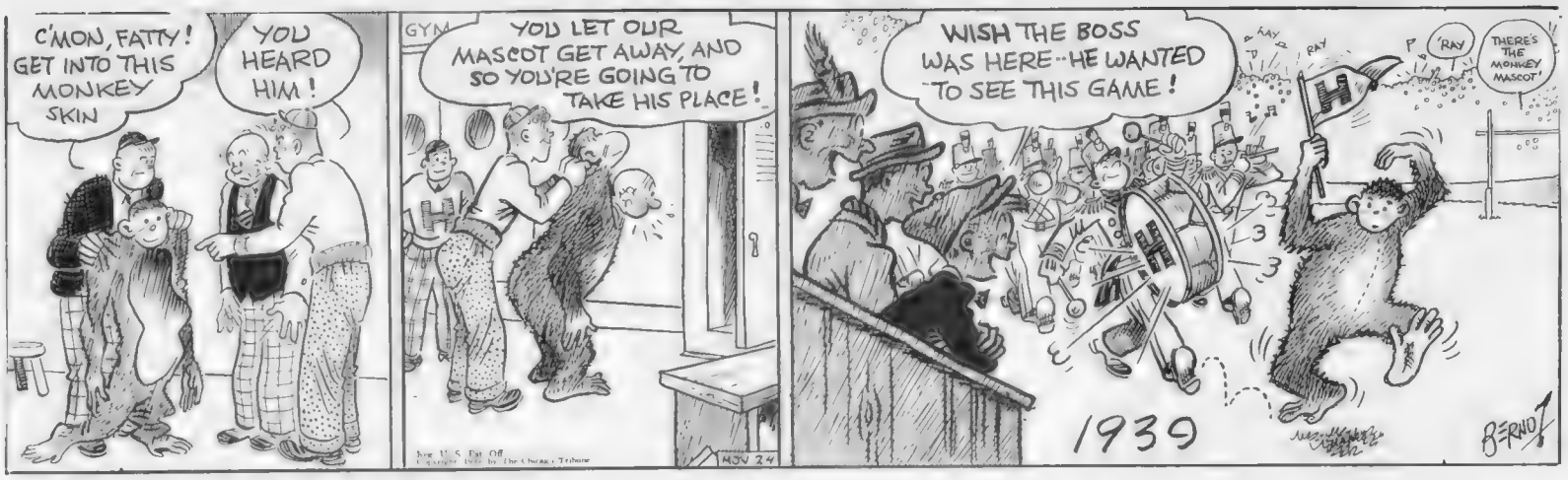
I believe it would be proper to try an experiment. That is, put a little pathos in the "Smitty" strip. This occurred to me: Suppose Smitty is unjustly suspected of stealing. Things disappear from the office, which he does not take, but the boss, very much against his wish, is convinced of his thievery and that Smitty is light fingered. So, reluctantly he fires Smitty who goes home in disgrace and everybody points the finger of scorn at him. Eventually, of course, he is exonerated and all is well.

I believe that you could get some Jackie Coogan appeal by this method.

Sincerely yours

J. M. Patterson

J. M. Patterson


C'MON, FATTY! GET INTO THIS MONKEY SKIN
YOU HEARD HIM!
GYM
YOU LET OUR MASCOT GET AWAY, AND SO YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE HIS PLACE!
WISH THE BOSS WAS HERE--HE WANTED TO SEE THIS GAME!
RAY
THERE'S THE MONKEY MASCOT!
1939
BERNO

1939

other page which turned out to be 'Terry & The Pirates'. Funny thing about that — Patterson had said, "If anybody sends in anything about pirates, forget it!" But when Patterson saw 'Terry', he said, "Say, that's a good one." And of course I didn't let on that he'd said he didn't want a page like that.

Q: I believe you said that you named a few of the Sunday pages. Is that right?

A: Yes. For instance, this is how I happened to name Al Posen's Sunday page. The News had a popular column called 'Tell it to Sweeney' at that time. And 'Sorrell & Son', a famous English movie, was then playing on Broadway. So I said to Posen, "Here's the title for your Sunday page — 'Sweeney & Son'. Capt. Patterson came up with the name 'Smilin' Jack' for Mosley's page.

Q: Do you have an assistant?

A: Not any longer. Charlie Mueller was my assistant for over 30 years — sat right across the board from me all that time — but when he reached 65 some months ago and became eligible for Social Security, he said, "I'm going to quit." At first I didn't believe him, but he did.

Q: Do you follow more or less a 9-to-5 working day?

A: Yes, I generally work from about 9 to 4:30 — but it isn't a steady grind. During that time I may go out and work in the garden for a little while. 'Smitty' takes me maybe an hour and a half or two hours longer than it used to when my assistant was with me. I never work evenings but I am at the board on Saturdays and Sundays.

Q: When you want to think of ideas, do you have any special method of getting your mind to start functioning along that line?

A: Well, yes. I'll take a look at the calendar to begin with — to see what kind of weather will be on tap, what sports are on, what events are due, etc. If I'm doing a strip for the summertime, maybe the boss bought a yacht, or someone gave him one, and I think of yacht races or something like that. I try to keep the strip up-to-date with the seasons. Of course in the wintertime I may try for a big contrast — everybody else may be drawing snow scenes in his strip and I'll have the boss diving into his swimming pool in the office. And, with travel being as swift and easy as it is today, I can have him in Bermuda or in the South Seas or anywhere I want. I always try to have 'Smitty' a little different than the usual run of strips. And after you've followed

1948

GEE, THE BOSS DOES SCREWY THINGS
5-15
SENDING ME ALL THIS WAY TO DELIVER A LETTER
ANOTHER, MR. SMITH, SIR?
O.K.
BERND
WELL, I GUESS THE ERRAND BOY WILL TAKE A LITTLE NAP

a line such as I've just mentioned for a number of years, it becomes second nature.

Q: Didn't you tell me that your watching of movies and noticing the way that long shots were alternated with closeups, etc., helped develop the effective compositions which have always been so much a part of 'Smitty'?

A: Yes. For instance, sometimes I'll have a panel of some guy talking to little Herby and you'll see just the guy's legs from the knees down and his shoes and then little Herby beside the fellow's legs. I like to do this — maybe you have a closeup in the first panel, and then in the next one you show several characters walking down the road with trees in between them — it's colorful.

Q: How would you explain the fact that you're one of a small handful of cartoonists who's been able to sustain a successful strip over a very long period of time — in your case 48 years for 'Smitty'?

A: Well, maybe it's because I've never grown up. That's probably the most important thing. For instance, when I draw Herby kicking a can, I get just as much of a kick as if I were doing it myself. Drawing never really was work for me — I get fun out of it. It seems to involve native enthusiasm — when I start to draw, I'm off in a cloud of dust with my characters — I'm practically walking down the street with them myself.

Q: Have you ever carried a sketchbook around with you?

A: No — George Clark is the only guy I know who does — and I kid him about it. I think I have a photographic memory and I remember details which I see everywhere. As I walk around, I'm not observing consciously but if I see something of interest, it'll stay with me. Maybe I have something like an inborn filing case — if I'm going to draw Smitty up in the country at an old farmhouse — I can generally remember such a scene from 30 years ago or I can just about remember where a photo is that I want to lay my hands on.

Q: Have you ever struck any long periods when you couldn't think of any ideas?

A: Well, once I couldn't seem to think of anything for 8 days — that was the longest gap. Then I started to look back over old Smittys to start my mind going again. Finally I came up with a new, more modern twist on an old idea or something like that.

Q: You had many pleasant associations with Capt. Patterson, who founded the N.Y. News. Can you tell us a little about him?

A: Well, as you may know, he used to go to the movies, and watch very closely to see what the audiences laughed at — what they liked and didn't like, etc. Whenever he saw something that the audiences reacted to enthusiastically, he put that in the News. I remember one afternoon when he rushed into the office shouting, "The Sheik, The Sheik!" He'd just seen the excitement of a movie crowd over Rudolph Valentino's latest picture. So, sure enough, the next morning in the News, 'The Sheik was all over the paper. Reviews of the movie, Valentino's life, all the interesting features that could be rounded up.

Walter Berndt outside his Port Jefferson home.

LIKE YOU SAID, BOSS, THIS LITTLE OFFICE NEXT TO YOUR SKYSCRAPER IS SURE FUN
YES, THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE I STARTED
11/23
WHAT MEMORIES--TONY'S BARBER SHOP USED TO BE NEXT DOOR--
BAILEY & CO
1953
OL' TONY! THAT GUY WOULD GIVE ME A NIFTY HAIRCUT--AH, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS---
YEP--THOSE WERE THE GOOD OL' DAYS!

1953

1958

1960

SMITTY
LETS GO TO THE BEACH !!
EVERYTHING IS SO CROWDED THESE DAYS, HERBY---
SPORTS
7/21
NO FUN DRIVING THROUGH TH' HEAVY TRAFFIC---NO, SIREE
LETS STAY RIGHT HERE! CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING SMARTER THAN THAT?
YEAH--LETS DIG A SWIMMIN' POOL IN OUR BACK YARD!

1969

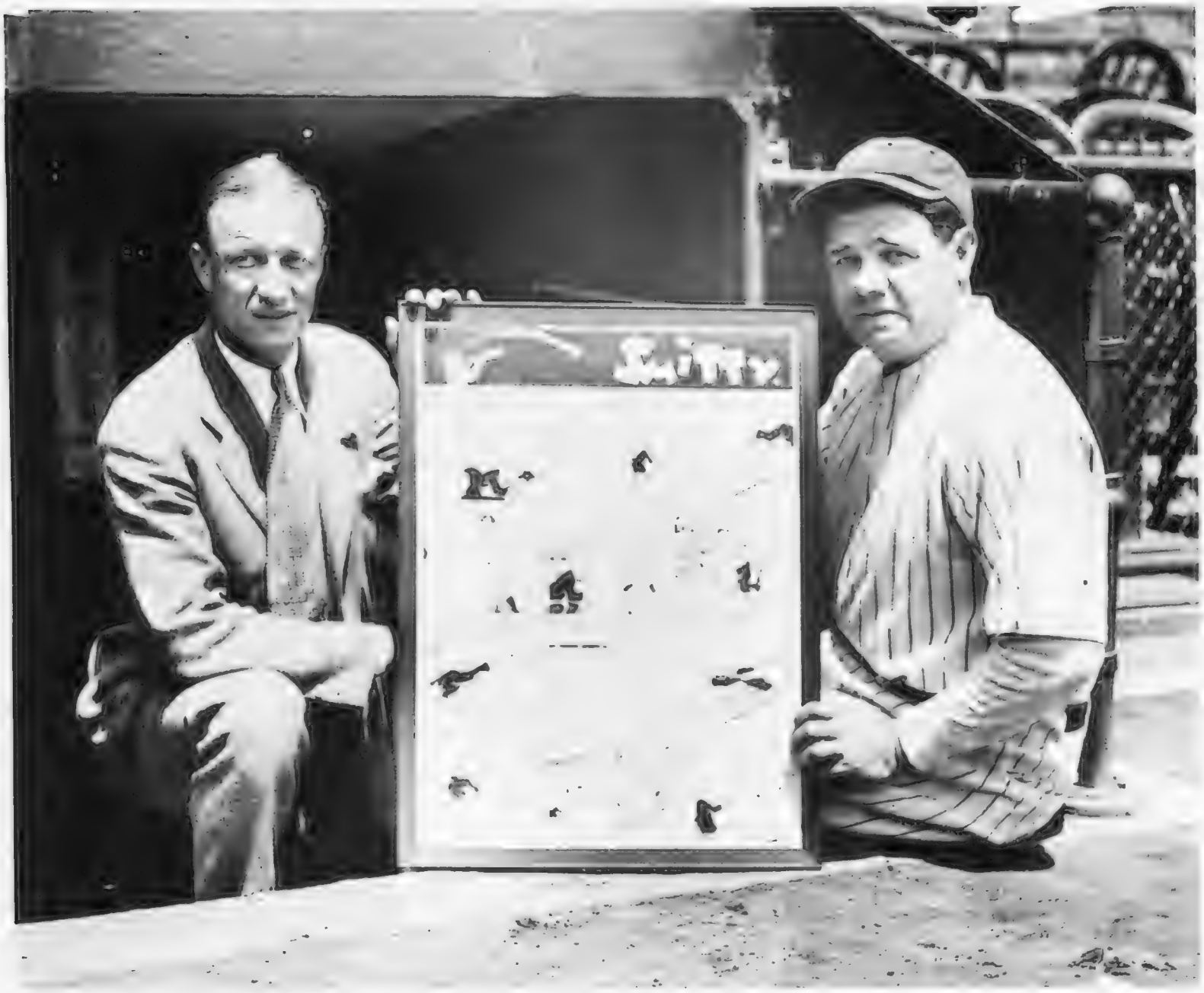
Q: You mentioned a funny incident that happened one time with Harold (Little Orphan Annie) Gray. What was that again?

A: At the time, Gray's front yard, in Southport, Connecticut, extended right down to the beach on the Sound, and I lived on the other side of the Sound in Port Jefferson, Long Island. Well, one day I hopped into my boat and went over to Southport. When I got there, I anchored my boat a little way out, swam to the beach, and then proceeded up toward Harold's, dripping wet in my swimming trunks. I could see him working inside but he didn't notice me. I was pretty well dried off by this time so I sneaked into the house, came up behind Gray and suddenly said, "Does it bother you to have anyone look over your shoulder?" Was he ever flabbergasted!

Q: Do you have any additional comments to pass along to aspiring cartoonists?

A: Well, I can say to them that the idea is maybe 80% of the strip. They've got to have ideas. As far as the cartooning end of things is concerned, I am sorry that the kids nowadays don't have the opportunity, as I did, to work in an art department for 5 years, in the same room with most of the giants of the time. Harry Hershfield, Walter Hoban, C.D. Batchelor, Winsor McCay, Tad Dorgan — we were all in the same room and there were a lot of other cartoonists there too. Tad, by the way, told me to put the same 'T' that he used in his signature on the end of my own name. He said, "It'll bring you luck." These guys helped me a lot so that's why I try to pass along information to the young cartoonists who come to see me. ●

Walter Berndt and Babe Ruth with a 'Smitty' Sunday page about the Babe.



NEW YORKER CARTOONIST DANA FRADON

Photo by Chet Hopper

Dana with daughter Amy.

This is the second installment of the conversation that CARTOONIST PROfiles recently had with New Yorker cartoonist DANA FRADON. The first installment appeared in the Spring Issue of our magazine. As we said at that time, for the past 20 years he has been one of the cartoonists under contract to the New Yorker, and he was the last cartoonist signed to a contract by the late, famous editor, Harold Ross.

Q: In view of the fact that your training was in serious art, what led you into cartooning as a profession?

A: Well, cartooning was always in the back of my mind — I've always found that I *could* cartoon. Occasionally I'd be doing a so-called serious drawing and would make a little cartoon alongside of it. I remember doing that with one of my instructors at The Art Students League and his saying, "Why are you wasting your time with that cartoon?" So you see I didn't just suddenly decide to be a cartoonist — I also wanted to earn a living — and I wanted to be really good at whatever I did — and I guess I was just sensible enough to know that I'd never be a really good painter or sculptor. So I felt that cartooning was an area that I could be pretty damn good at. And because of my interest in politics, which dated from my high school days, I was very aware of everything that was going on. And, as you know, a great many of my New Yorker cartoons pertain to important events in the world around us. By the way, I *almost* got a political cartoon job on the Chicago Daily News before the war. But later on I came to the conclusion that the New Yorker was the best outlet for my 'current events' type of cartoon.

Q: Did you start submitting cartoons to the New Yorker while you were studying at The Art Students League?

A: Well, during the last year I began to submit in earnest but I wasn't doing too well. I sold them a cartoon in 1948 and didn't sell them anything again till 1951. My wife, Ramona, had taken a job at Bloomingdales so that we'd have something to eat because I had run out of army bonuses and things like that — we lived on 14th Street in a floor-through — and suddenly I got 6 O.K.'s. These had been sitting up at the New Yorker, waiting for me for several months because, for some neurotic reason, I had kept on mailing stuff in and hadn't gone back to the magazine to check on my roughs. I suppose I was probably irritated — not having sold anything for a long time. And I think Jim Geraghty likes to hand your O.K.'s to you personally, so he hadn't mailed them out to me. So I got the finishes all drawn up and I guess I've been rather consistent ever since then.

Q: Do you carry a sketch book around with you?

A: No, I don't. But up until this year I have attended a once-a-week sketch class at *Wooster* Academy in Danbury where you

have a nude model and get a chance to keep your art work polished up. I haven't gone this year because I've gotten very involved in local politics and my evenings are taken up with various meetings.

Q: Have you built up a morgue of clippings and reference material?

A: I don't have any clippings at all — I'm really quite flabbergasted at the morgue you said that Milton Caniff has. If I need to draw something that we don't have in the house (we have a lot of books and magazines, of course) — such as the U.N. emblem for instance — I'll go to the Public Library and take out pictures and research it that way. I'm all for authenticity and you have to be in the case of the New Yorker. But I've found in the past when I over-researched stuff — when I've gotten dozens and dozens of pictures of something at the library — I don't even open the envelope but I go ahead and make my drawing and the drawing sells. And sometimes when I look too closely at detail, I make a lousy drawing. But if a cartoon calls for the door of the Modern Museum I'll go and take a Polaroid picture of it. In my cartoon I want to be sure that my drawing can't be mistaken for any other museum or building, but I don't get hung up on murderous detail the way Caniff probably has to. He's got to be sure that everything's exactly right.

Q: You mentioned that your wife, Ramona, was a well-known comic book artist. Can you tell us a little more about her?

A: She worked for National Periodical Publications for about 10 years — she did 'Aquaman' and 'Metamorpho Man' and she filled in many times doing all the standards such as 'Batman', etc. She was quite fabulous. She was so well thought of that a couple of her comic book editors, who are planning to go into television comics got in touch with her and she recently designed some characters for them. Of course we don't know yet whether they'll actually be seen on TV screens. But she got paid for the designing and will have a piece of the action if the series sells. The characters she designed were the semi-comic type, by the way. She can draw both in the comic and realistic vein and actually her realistic drawings have a tiny touch of the comic. Her hero, when she was younger, was Will Eisner. It's understandable that I think she surpassed his work. Being an artist, and having such terribly high standards, she never comments on my work — maybe it's

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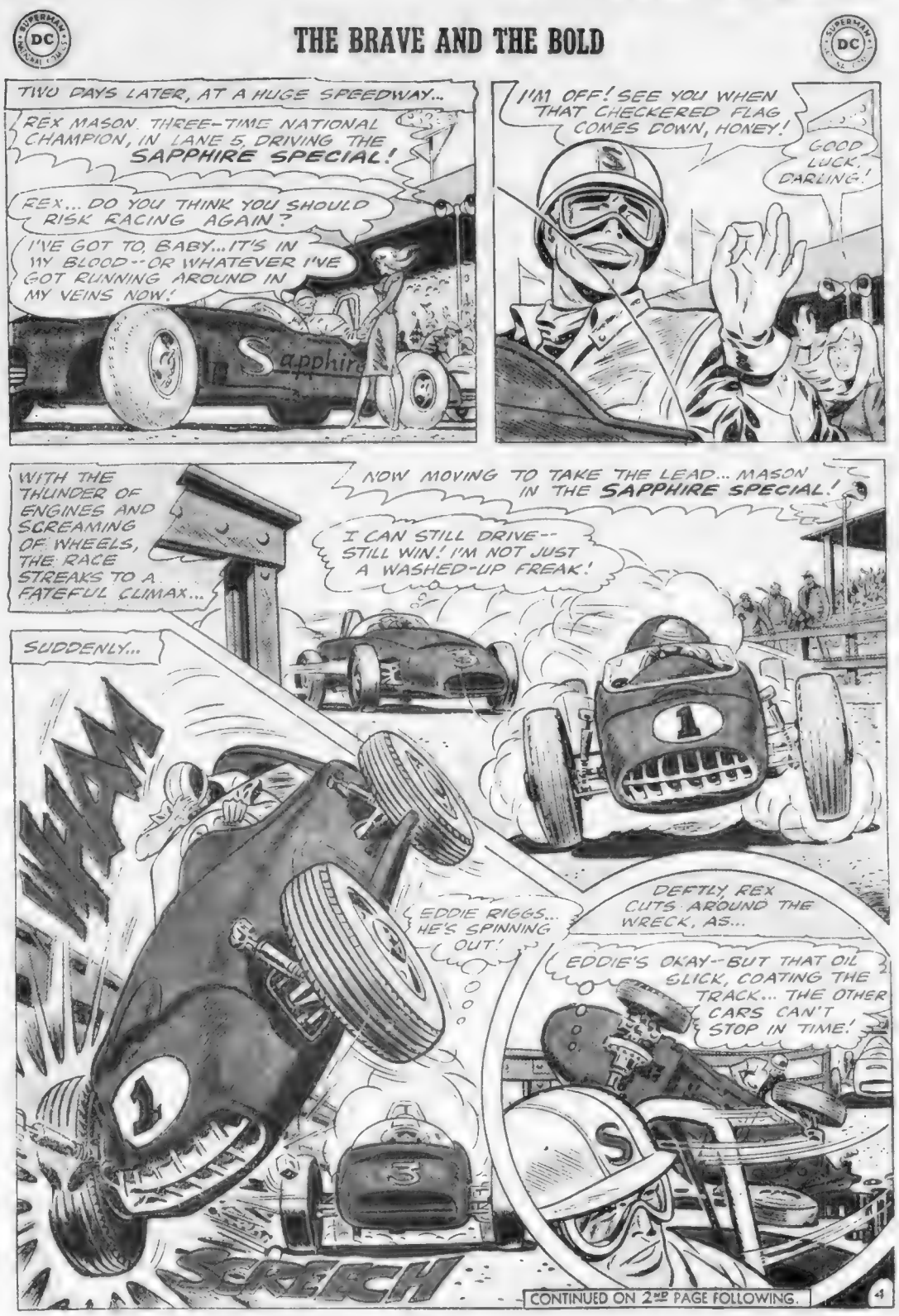

THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD
TWO DAYS LATER, AT A HUGE SPEEDWAY...
REX MASON, THREE-TIME NATIONAL CHAMPION, IN LANE 5, DRIVING THE SAPPHIRE SPECIAL!
REX... DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD RISK RACING AGAIN?
I'VE GOT TO, BABY... IT'S IN MY BLOOD -- OR WHATEVER I'VE GOT RUNNING AROUND IN MY VEINS NOW!
I'M OFF! SEE YOU WHEN THAT CHECKERED FLAG COMES DOWN, HONEY!
GOOD LUCK, DARLING!
WITH THE THUNDER OF ENGINES AND SCREAMING OF WHEELS, THE RACE STREAKS TO A FATEFUL CLIMAX...
NOW MOVING TO TAKE THE LEAD... MASON IN THE SAPPHIRE SPECIAL!
I CAN STILL DRIVE -- STILL WIN! I'M NOT JUST A WASHED-UP FREAK!
SUDDENLY...
EDDIE RIGGS... HE'S SPINNING OUT!
DEFTLY REX CUTS AROUND THE WRECK, AS...
EDDIE'S OKAY -- BUT THAT OIL SLICK, COATING THE TRACK... THE OTHER CARS CAN'T STOP IN TIME!
SCREECH
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

A 'Metamorpho Man' comic book page drawn by Ramona Fradon for National Periodical Publications.

just because she doesn't want to hurt me by saying something bad. We rarely talk about my work, as a matter of fact. She finally got fed up with comic book work because she was just doing too much. The last time she went back to work she had in mind doing one job every three months or so to pick up some pin money — but she ended up doing a book a month. That was more than she wanted to do.

Q: When young people come to you with questions about which branch of cartooning they should go into, what do you tell them?

A: Well, although some newspapers and magazines are folding, I think the whole picture is still such that the young person can decide which branch of the profession to concentrate on and then, with very hard work, can arrive at a satisfactory situation. In other words, there are *still* lots of newspapers using political cartoons, there is TV, there is the advertising cartoon field, there is the syndicated feature field, etc. In my own case, I can tell you why I'm working for the New Yorker. I feel that it's a totally adult operation — that is not only appealing to adults but it's appealing to sophisticated, intelligent adults, supposedly, and this gives me the feeling of being able to hold my head up high — just as the guy whose kid strip is appearing in a thousand newspapers can — he's making a hell of a lot of money. Maybe this cartoonist, whoever he may be, likes to appeal to the kids — I don't. Another field that the budding cartoonist might try to get into is the kids book field. Nine-tenths of the kids books are cartooning. A lot of it is a sort of bastardized, decorative fine art but most of it is pretty much cartooning. I have no interest in this field myself but on the other hand, my friend Bob Krause, who worked for the New Yorker, did seventeen kids books. And he was really wrapped up in them. At this point in my life, I couldn't change to doing something different from what I'm now doing. If King Features came up to me with an offer, a contract, etc., I couldn't do it. I don't think that my mind would turn out the type of thing they would like any more.

Q: What is your working day like?

A: I'm not a day-night reversal type of guy such as Jerry Marcus is — and I think Chuck Saxon works at night too. I get to work at about 9 in the morning. I used to start at 8 but as I get older, I start later and quit earlier. My most productive hours are between 9 and 12 — lunchtime. I try to think of ideas almost every day that I'm working — let's say, 5 days a week during these morning hours. Then I try drawing in the afternoon. Sometimes I peter out as early as 2 or 3 o'clock but I try to work till about 4 as a rule. Unless there's a deadline to meet, I find that I'm pretty gone by that time. I never work evenings unless I get a rush advertising job. I think the Christmas before last I stayed up for 2-1/2 days doing an advertising job. I try to do a little work on Saturday and Sunday also — but I've been known to take those days off too if there's something I have to do. Last Saturday, for instance, I went to a convention up in Hartford, of the Caucus of Connecticut Democrats. But Sunday morning I did bat off a finish, mailed it to the New Yorker Monday and it was rejected.

"Have we had any other Presidents who never told a lie?"

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1968 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Q: Do you have any pet method of dredging up ideas during these 9 to 12 morning idea sessions of yours?

A: You know, after 20 years of successfully thinking of ideas, I can't pin down the thought process involved — except in generalities. I sit down with a big piece of paper on my drawing board — 17 by 14 I guess it is — and I just sort of doodle. Mind you, I've read the New York Times, and I've read a lot of other things — sometimes I underline things I've read in the newspaper. I might start out by writing down the words 'Black Power' for instance, because most of my stuff is topical. Maybe nothing happens and I'll write down another word — maybe 'inflation', 'gross national product', 'Nixon', 'Humphrey' — and incidentally I did a Humphrey cartoon for the New Yorker. Generally, after a while, your mind lights some place. Sometimes I may do little sketches at the same time as I'm doodling words such as I mentioned a moment or two ago. For instance, take the cartoon with the caption, "I'll bet this guy weighs more than Gandhi and Thoreau put together." I believe you said you're including it somewhere near this point in my story. I started this one out with drawing a scene and writing the words 'student protest' — I said to myself, "Here are two cops carrying a guy out and let's make him fat because that makes him heavy." Then I had to think of a caption. — Your mind free-associates — the student is a passive resister — your mind goes to Gandhi — Thoreau — and you get to the peasant cop — and he says, "This guy weighs more than Gandhi and Thoreau put together." So his only thought in connection with passive resistance is concerned with how heavy the resister is. It's quite a negative one — and yet it's quite a gentle one. That's how I arrived at that joke.

The thing I don't understand about the thought processes is that right in the middle of these free-association sessions, I may think of a dike — the little boy putting his finger in the dike — and work out a cartoon on that subject. And it will have had nothing to do with the words and sketches I've written and drawn pertaining to current events. It baffles me.

I don't sit down with the Times in front of me when I start my morning sessions but let's say I will have read it, and other publications, so that in the back of my mind I know what all the issues are today. A recent New Yorker cartoon of mine showed a sick Black Power guy in the doctor's office telling the doctor that he feels 'non-militant'. I arrived at this idea by just taking the words

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1968 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"I'll bet this guy weighs more than Gandhi and Thoreau put together."

"I just feel rundown, tired, and sort of nonmilitant."

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

'militant' and 'non-militant'. I decided to concentrate on 'non-militant'. All of a sudden, a process goes on in your mind and the figure I'm doodling is in a doctor's office and suddenly he's saying, "I feel tired, and rundown, and sort of non-militant."

Q: Switching gears for a few moments, could you tell us a little about your place here?

A: Well, this is a 200-year-old house and it's a little old farm on 15 acres and we keep cows in the summertime. We have a nice swimming pool which makes everybody think cartooning is great. A neighboring farmer puts the cows on our property in the summertime and I get a local tax deduction on account of it. As far as the inside of the house is concerned, there's a 'Thomas Nast' over there on the wall. Some of the other pictures or objects were done by friends — others we bought. We like to put up anything that's pretty, attractive, well-done, etc. I'll admit it's a pretty motley collection.

Q: And your family?

A: My wife, Ramona, and I have a daughter Amy who is 9. She's our only child. In addition we have two dogs — one is a nervous purebred German Shepherd — and the other one's a little mutt that we picked up at my daughter's riding academy — she's supposed to be half Shepherd and half Husky. And we have two cats — tropical fish — and guinea pigs — and you can say that you were here the day one died.

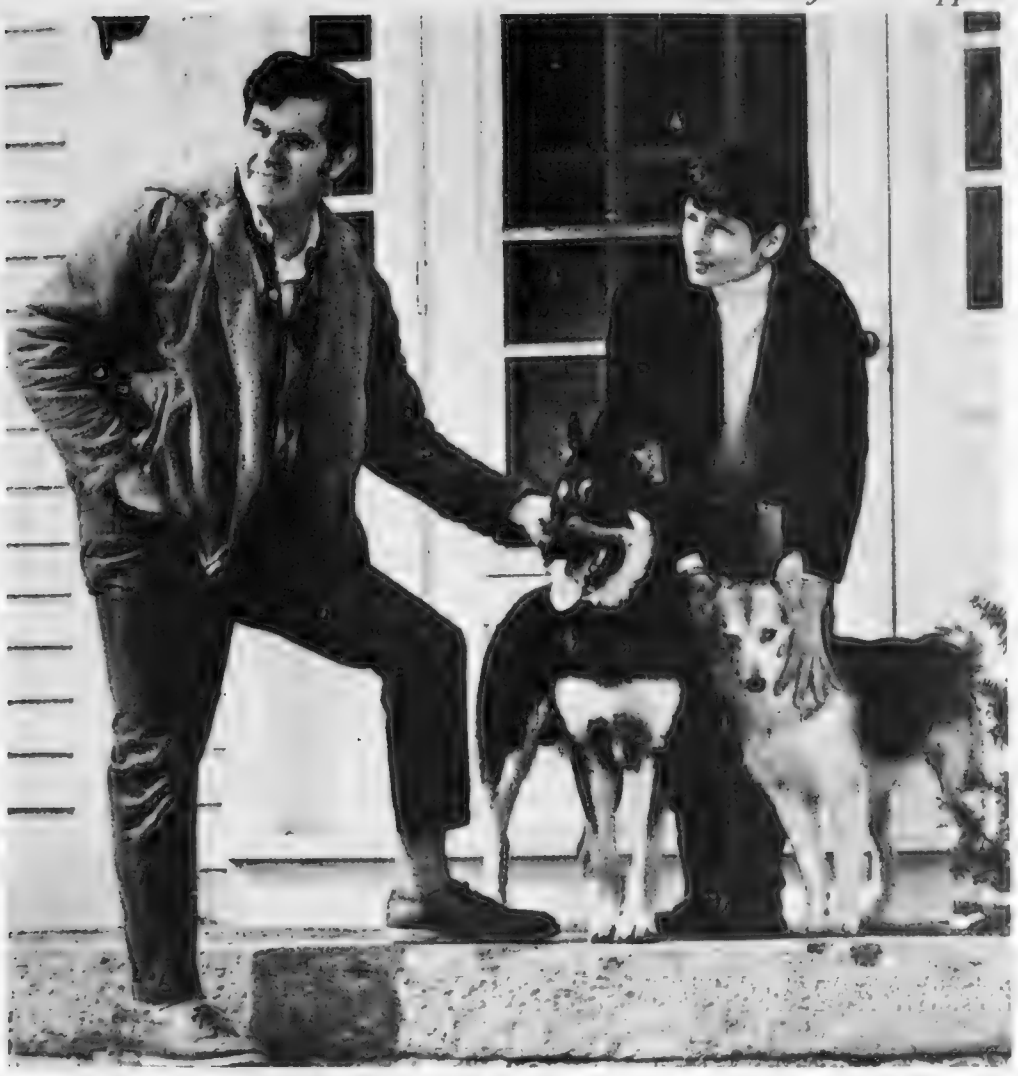
Q: Can we get back to cartooning for a few minutes?

A: Sure. I can't stress enough that the more one reads and develops, the more likely he is to come up with good New Yorker ideas. They're different from the cartoons appearing in other magazines — but it's just like comparing apples and oranges — as I said earlier, I'm certainly not making a value judgment between the two different kinds. Frank Modell, one of the regular New Yorker cartoonists, told me years ago, and I came to believe it much later,

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"Wow! That's some groovy, stupid middle-class value!"

Photo by Chet Hopper



Dana, his wife Ramona, and two other members of the family.

that John Gallagher, who is as corny as you can get, is one of the best. He's funny.

Q: You mentioned something about one of the problems you've run into in doing advertising cartoons. Can you tell us a little about that?

A: Well, in a job I did a couple of years ago, I had to draw cartoon figures on top of photographs of lawn tractors and I had to get them to fit in just right — and so on and so forth — and I was locked into a certain space and that bothered me because I'm so undisciplined. Of course not to the extent that I'd ever turn any advertising down!

Q: In the case of cartoons for the New Yorker is there any rule which determines how much space you can take up with your cartoon?

A: They decide how much space it will take up and they pay according to space. The larger the drawing, the more money you get.

Q: What can a cartoonist who's starting at the New Yorker expect to get in the way of remuneration and other benefits?

A: I wouldn't want to say what money a newcomer might get, but I know at the time I started with the magazine, that after 3 years you were eligible for their retirement plan and the investment plan which, of course, adds to the amount a man is paid. And the retirement plan is a good one. An insurance policy is part of the retirement plan. And the New Yorker pays the bulk of the money into this plan — we pay something like 3 cents to the dollar, or something like that. We — the cartoonists — don't have to put anything into the investment plan.

Q: I've noticed that most New Yorker cartoonists have a definite point of view on the world. Isn't this true?

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

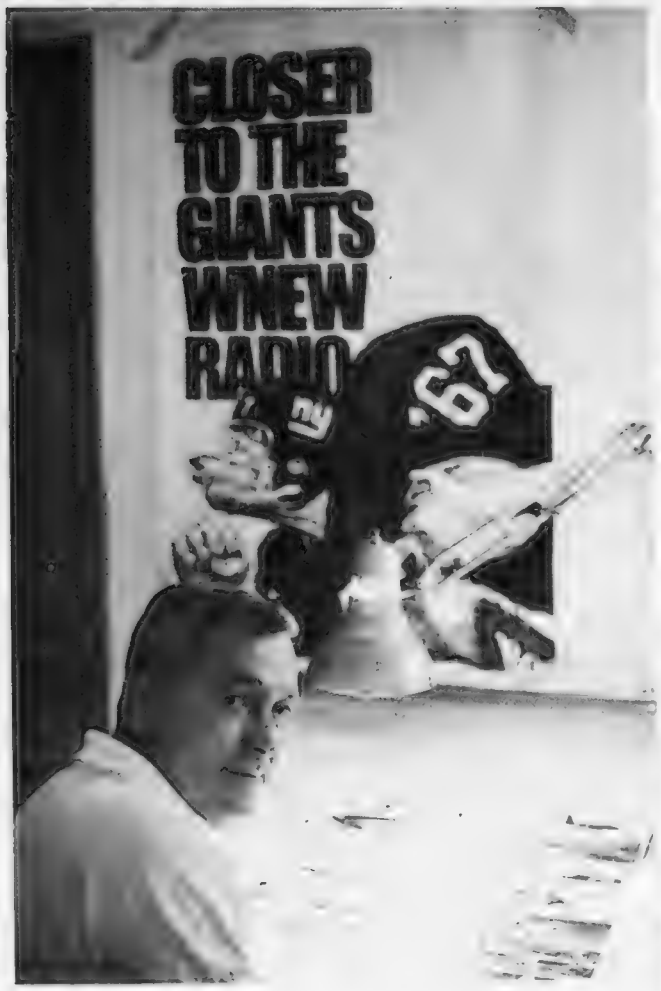
A: Yes. For instance, in my own case, you probably ought to emphasize my interest in being on the Board of Education, being on my Democratic Town Committee, and on the Caucus of Connecticut Democrats, and things like that. If somebody says to me, "Why don't you do kids books?", I say I can't because I'm probably going to a political meeting. As far as the Wednesday lunches attended by the New Yorker cartoonists, we have violent disagreements and arguments about various philosophical and material problems facing the world. These sessions are really quite noisy since all the men do have definite views. However, as far as politics is concerned, I would say that most New Yorker cartoonists fall into the liberal category — as I think most artists do.●

Editor's postscript: Although varying amounts are paid to the individual New Yorker cartoonists, an artist who has been under contract to the magazine for a number of years might receive in the neighborhood of $400 for a single panel cartoon.

Drawing by Dana Fradon
© 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Photo by Chet Hopper

JACK DAVIS



Photos by Jim Ruth

Here is a preview of a very exciting article in the next issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles about JACK DAVIS, who draws those beautiful cartoon illustrations for MAD, for magazine covers, for countless advertisements,etc. He's shown here with his guitar-playing daughter, and with a couple of other pride-and-joys---his sports car and motorcycle.

"INSIDE" HUMOR..

The Comic Art Department of the Newspaper Enterprise Association has sent along the accompanying samples of how some of the NEA cartoonists kid each other through the medium of their cartoons. Sometimes they put themselves or, on other occasions, their cartoon colleagues into their comic panels. We understand that this goes on all the time around the NEA offices in Cleveland, Ohio.

"The trouble, today, is the wind can't blow skirts any higher than they already are!"

In this cartoon, JIM BERRY has done a portrait of himself (at the left) and he has caricatured another NEA staff member, DICK CHIARA, who is seen in the vest and striped pants.

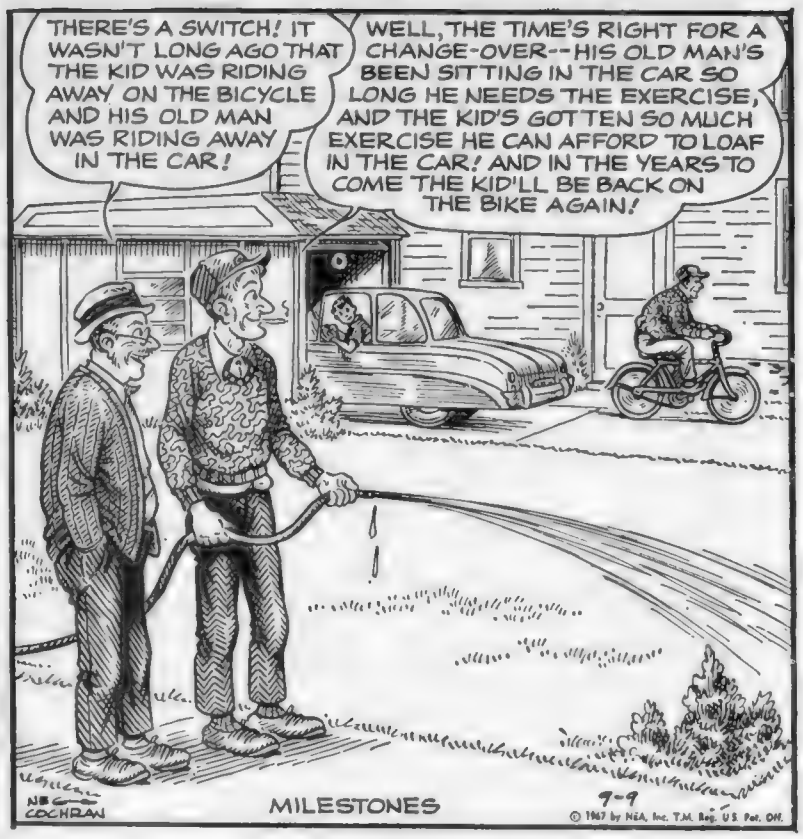
"It's what we call 'The Second Hundred Years' annuity plan!"

This is one of the cartoons drawn by FLASH FAIRFIELD, in which he has included a self-caricature (at the left) and has pictured NEA editorial cartoonist, ED KUDLATY holding the annuity policy.

"The premiums are rather high, but we DO have a policy that won't be dropped after you've had an auto accident!"

The man in the checked jacket is ART SANSOM who draws 'The Born Loser' cartoon strip for NEA.

OUT OUR WAY By Neg Cochran


THERE'S A SWITCH! IT WASN'T LONG AGO THAT THE KID WAS RIDING AWAY ON THE BICYCLE AND HIS OLD MAN WAS RIDING AWAY IN THE CAR!
WELL, THE TIME'S RIGHT FOR A CHANGE-OVER--HIS OLD MAN'S BEEN SITTING IN THE CAR SO LONG HE NEEDS THE EXERCISE, AND THE KID'S GOTTEN SO MUCH EXERCISE HE CAN AFFORD TO LOAF IN THE CAR! AND IN THE YEARS TO COME THE KID'LL BE BACK ON THE BIKE AGAIN!
NEA COCHRAN
MILESTONES
9-9
© 1967 by NEA, Inc. T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

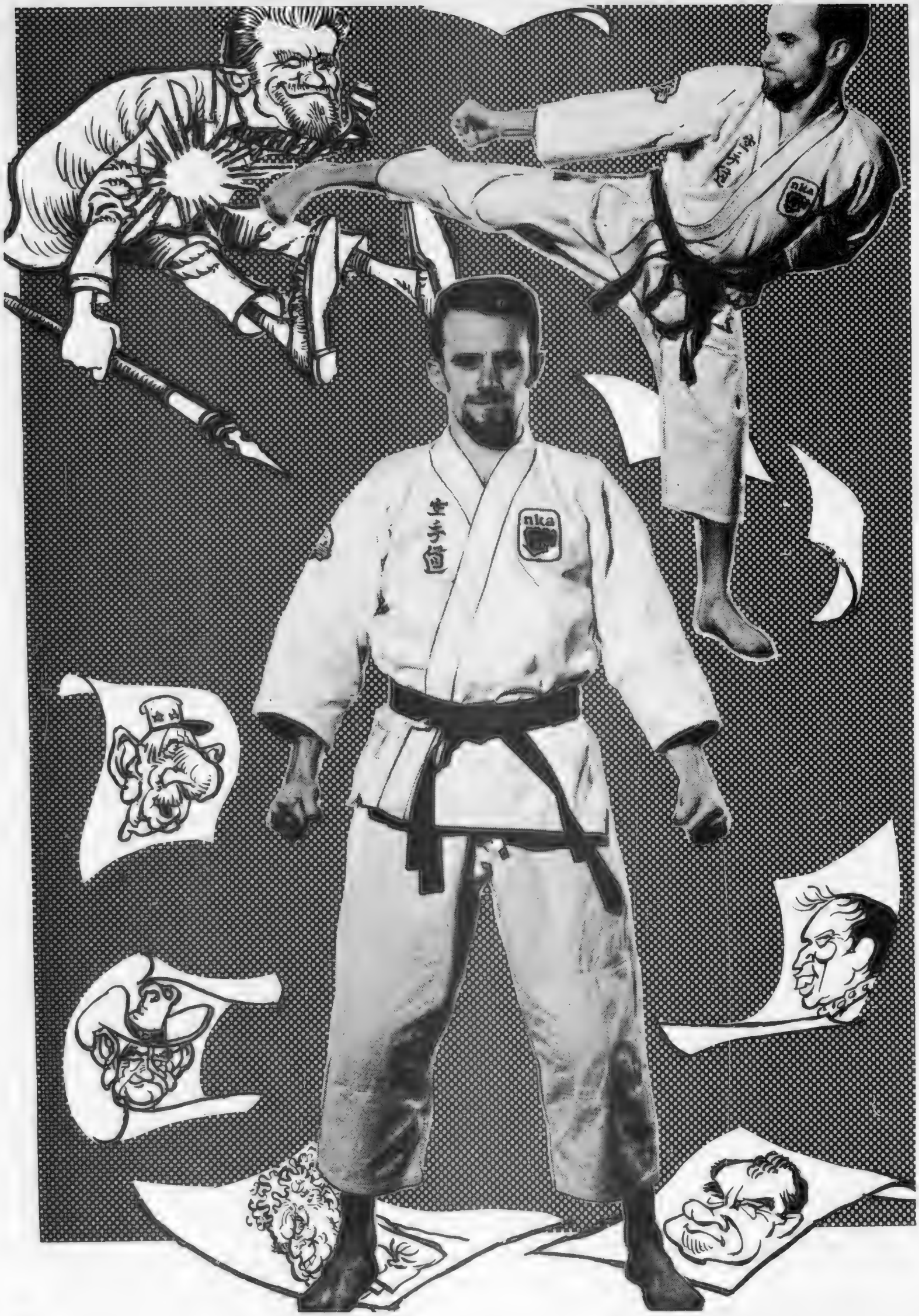
NEG COCHRAN drew himself (with glasses). He has included cartoonist FLASH FAIRFIELD (with hose) who does the 'ShowBiz' panel.

"ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT—let's stop soul-searching about the war in Vietnam on company time!"

Here Jim Berry has worked a whole raft of NEA cartoonists and writers into his 'Berry's World' panel. 1. Jim Berry 2. The late Bob Molyneux, former Director of Comic Art for NEA 3. Flash Fairfield 4. Comics writer Russ Winterbotham 5. Tom Peoples, Director of Comic Art.

"Sweets, I'll put your name in lights --- make you a star! You could go to the top --- maybe even the Governor's chair!"

The unidentified blonde in this 'Showbiz' cartoon is with Jim Berry.


空手道
nka

BLACK BELT BLAINE

The following story about BLAINE, the rising young editorial cartoonist of THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR in Hamilton, Ontario, was written by Jerry Rogers of that newspaper's staff. And in addition to Blaine's athletic ability, his artistic versatility makes him look like a 'Black Belt' equivalent in the cartoon profession. The sketching tours his newspaper sends him on took him last year to Paris, London, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Scotland, and this year he's scheduled to sketch in Western Canada and California. His favorite technique on these tours is directly in brush and ink. A sample of this phase of his work is included with this article. He sometimes applies the same sketchy technique in his daily editorial cartoons. Then switching to portrait drawing, his sketch of the Kennedy brothers appeared on the Spectator's editorial page on the day of the RFK funeral, and in reply to requests, 17,000 copies were made and picked up by Kennedy fans at the front counter of the Spectator office. His editorial cartoons speak for themselves.

TOGETHER AGAIN

Blaine might just be the only cartoonist anywhere who can not only tickle your funnybone, but break it if you don't laugh.

The Spectator's national award-winning cartoonist has just climaxed 4-1/2 years of intensive studies by earning his first degree black belt in karate and is now qualified to open his own school.

He became involved in the Japanese martial art almost by accident.

"I was just looking for a course in calisthenics as I was in bad shape," the 31-year-old artist says. "And I'd always been interested in martial arts as a contrast to sitting at the drawing board all day, so I joined."

His black belt makes him one of only about a dozen masters in Hamilton and one out of at least 500 students ever to reach that exalted level.

The main reason for the high drop-out rate in karate, he said, is the tremendous discipline required by a student.

"Most guys go into karate with the James Bond movies in mind. These are the guys that drop out.

"The repetition of techniques required to move instinctively throws them off. They say, 'I know that block' but they don't really know it in their minds.

"Then, they think they're not advancing fast enough, as if a black belt comes overnight."

Blaine bears none of the telltale marks of what a lot of people think the karate expert should have. His hands, really the mainstay of a cartoonist, aren't marred by scarred or calloused knuckles, simply because hardened hands have little to do with real karate.

Not a large man, he has amassed a catalogue of injuries on his way to the black belt: nine broken or cracked ribs, three sprained fingers, torn ligaments in the feet, loss of toenails and bruised kidneys.

"You don't count the bruises on the arms or legs," he says, showing a forearm covered with welts. "Size doesn't make any difference once you get to the black belt level, but while you're getting there you run into a lot of bulls."

He already credits his karate training with saving his life twice.

Once by using a karate movement, he adroitly sidestepped a moving car as he stepped off a

Blaine's favorite cartoon in 1968.

CANADA

PRIME MINISTER · PREMIER MINISTRE

Ottawa (4),
May 2, 1969.

Dear Blaine,

I am not sure whether it is more foolhardy for a politician to praise the work of a cartoonist, or to refuse to do so - particularly when the cartoonist holds a black belt in judo.

In any case I freely admit to enjoying your drawings, both the life-like pencil portraits and the imaginative political caricatures.

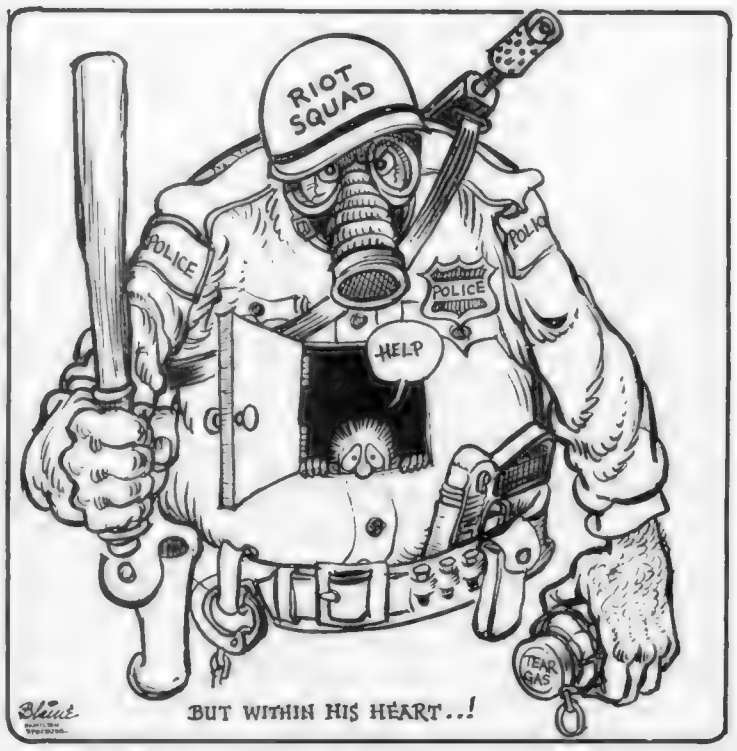
Keep that pencil sharpened. My fellow politicians and I will keep you well supplied with material.

Yours sincerely,

P. E. Trudeau

Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

BLAINE



curb in downtown Toronto. Later, the knowledge that he knew the art dissuaded a psychopath from attacking him.

But just having the black belt doesn't mean his studies stop. He'll continue with his twice-weekly, two-hour sparring bouts with other black belters at the Tsuroka Karate School near Gore Park.

"As you go along you realize how good you're not, and you want to become good, not second to anyone," he says.

And he's not about to give up cartooning. In fact, the profession has never looked safer to him.

"Prime Minister Trudeau, with his brown belt in judo no longer poses a threat if he's offended by one of my cartoons." ●

JAPANESE CARTOONS

By Glenn C. Troelstrup

One of our CARTOONIST PROfiles subscribers, Glenn C. Troelstrup, wrote the following article for the Japanese publication THE EAST, which describes itself as 'The Orient's Quality Magazine.' We are indebted to THE EAST and to Mr. Troelstrup for permission to publish it here in the U.S. Mr. Troelstrup graduated from the University of Missouri School of Journalism in 1957. He worked in Japan from 1957 through 1965 as a reporter for the Asahi Evening News, then the Tokyo bureaus of Radiopress International, the National Broadcasting Company, and 'U.S. News & World Report' magazine. He wrote many articles for Japanese publications, including 'Asahi Weekly' and 'Nippon' magazines. He became a Southeast Asian correspondent for 'U.S. News & World Report,' based in Singapore and Saigon, then in 1967 joined the Saigon bureau of 'Time,' where he received a Ford Fellowship in Advanced International Reporting for study in the graduate school of Columbia University in New York during the 1968-69 academic year. He is married to the former Miss Kyoko Baba, a Japanese journalist, and has two sons.

I hadn't expected to be called the nicest dirty-minded foreigner in the neighborhood. But that's what two girls in their early teens blushingly told me I was. Or must be. It was sort of a compliment.

The two innocents were tending a little bookshop for their parents near the Nikkatsu Apartments in Shiba Park, Tokyo. Every Saturday for nearly a year, they had been selling me the same half-dozen Japanese magazines. They were must reading for any journalist. Then the girls watched me scan the other publications for an hour or so and buy several more. Usually they were lurid humor weeklies, the kind you wouldn't put in a child's Christmas stocking.

I told the giggling girls why I liked the humor magazines. They listened politely. They smiled. They didn't believe a word. I remained their nicest dirty-minded customer.

That's the penalty you pay for the joys of being addicted to Japanese adult comics and spot cartoons. Unlike in the West, due to a peculiar snobbish lapse in most Japanese editorial thinking, the best cartoons rarely are found in the so-called quality magazines.

As a former professional cartoonist and comics editor-turned-journalist, I'm hooked on good cartoons anywhere I happen to be. I seek them out in the U.S., Japan, Hong Kong, Vietnam, Thailand, Britain, France, Sweden, Germany, and note them in Communist publications. So, while working for a Tokyo newspaper over a decade ago, I soon realized that the real gems of the Japanese cartoon world were, regrettably, often buried in the sex and sensation-oriented *manga shukanshi,* or weekly comic humor magazines.

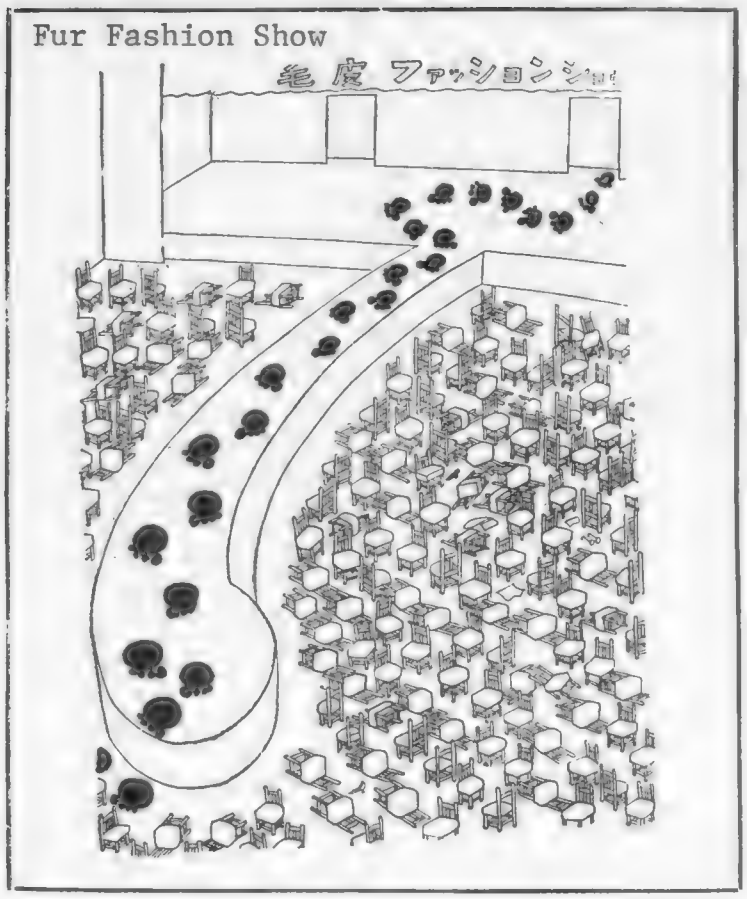
The situation is not unique. It was true of most of the Western world until recent times. And even now cartoonists in the West are shortchanged by their society. Occasionally a social commentator apologizes first, then tries to get at the reasons why. But perhaps cartoonist Burne Hogarth came close when he wrote recently: "Now perhaps we know why the scrupulous and the prudent cannot tolerate this thing called the cartoon; why it is hard for them to write it down as acceptable art . . . For what we're dealing with . . . is truth, in the guise of the village idiot, the boor and knave, the other, ugly side of ourselves."

A harsh indictment, without frills. Yet man has endured the

Glenn Troelstrup

The names of the Japanese cartoonists, and the publications for which they did the accompanying cartoons, are indicated for each drawing.

Isao Hirano
Unknown publication



Isamu Sakurai
Manga Ace

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ugly side for eons apparently. Caricatures of man have been traced as far back as 4,000 B.C. to Africa. Since then, styles have changed from one extreme to another and the humor ranged from slapstick to the wry, satirical, or sick. And cartoonists, in some societies, have become celebrities.

Therefore, at their core, cartoons are not mindless or superficial. They are comic relief which sees man as man is. In a generally tolerable form. Japanese cartoons draw on Japanese life and culture but so many universals are involved in man looking at man that much of the humor is international in scope.

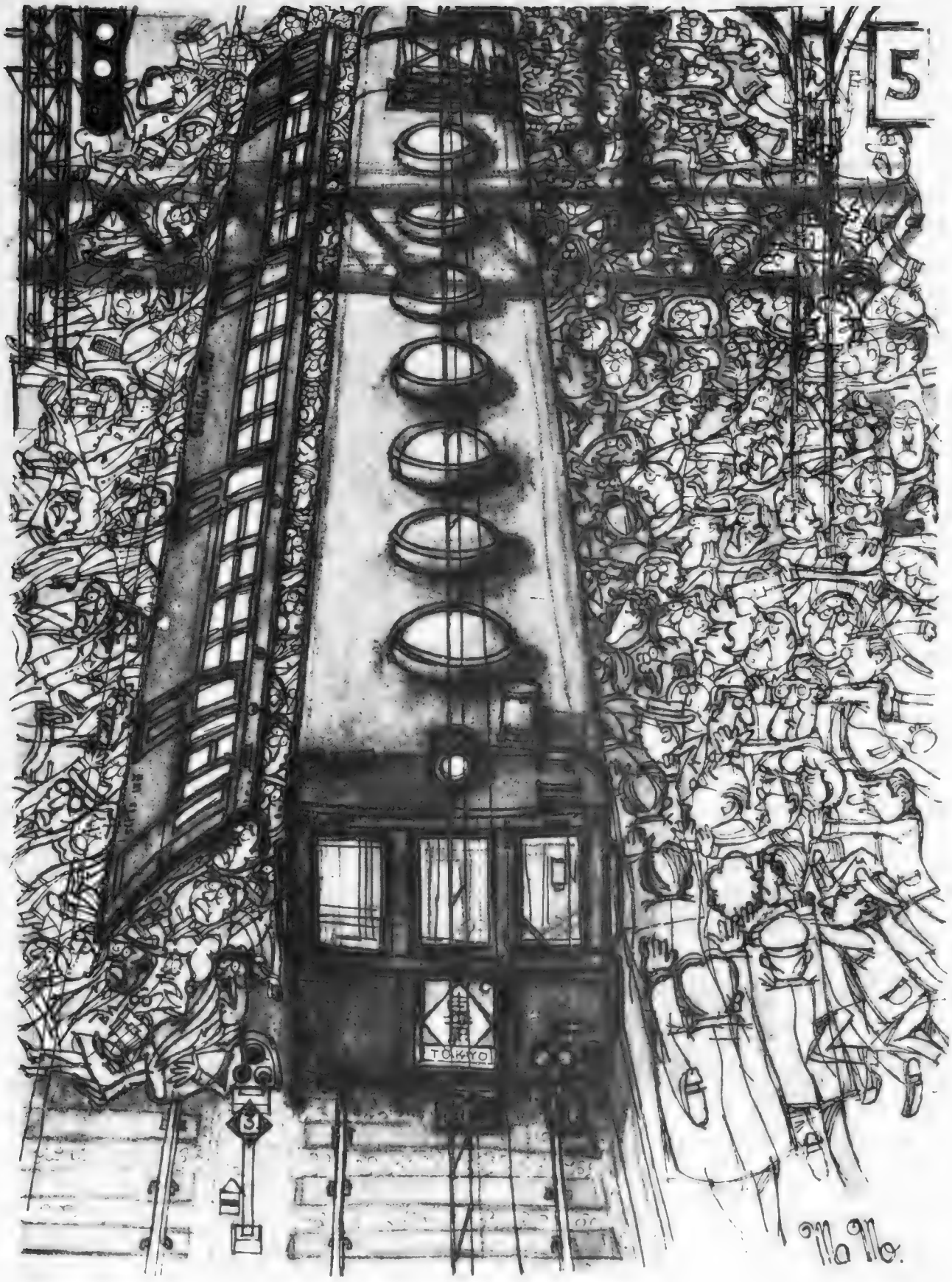
Sadly, the funniest thing about this business is that the Japanese themselves rarely recognize the merit of the best of their own cartoonists — as well as men and women in other fields — until after a foreign element does. Witness the marvelous Toei cartoon productions and the animated TV features which came out of "nowhere" in the late 1950's to win acclaim overseas during the 60's. Then, finally, acclaim at home. Actually, they didn't come out of nowhere, except in the minds of the shallow *interi* (intellectual) social critics who rarely probe the broader social scene. The animated movies were merely an extension of the attractive comic strips and cartoons produced by a dedicated group of overworked, underpaid, little-recognized cartoonists previously restricted to children's publications and humor weeklies dismissed without investigation by critics as something "which the maid must have brought in."

Until now, few collections of serial comics have been published, except for children. A notable exception is Hiroshi Hirota's *Bushido Muzanden* (Merciless Tales of the Way of the Samurai). But there have been no anthologies or collections of spot cartoons, like those so popular in the West.

It's a shame that some of the best Japanese cartoons — many on a par with those published in *Punch, Playboy, Krokodil,* or *New Yorker* — appear only in risque, sometimes neo-pornographic magazines. If effect they're buried among trash. Conversely, more often than has been healthy, foreign syndicated cartoons filled out space in Japan's better publications; space which should be reserved for native cartoonists. Despite the adversity of victorian-progressive editors, the continuing excellence of Japan's top cartoonists proves there's a sophisticated and wonderfully outrageous funnybone knitting together the four-island body of Japan.

Editors in Japan usually play down to an audience which allegedly considers custard pie slapstick "the height of humor." It's

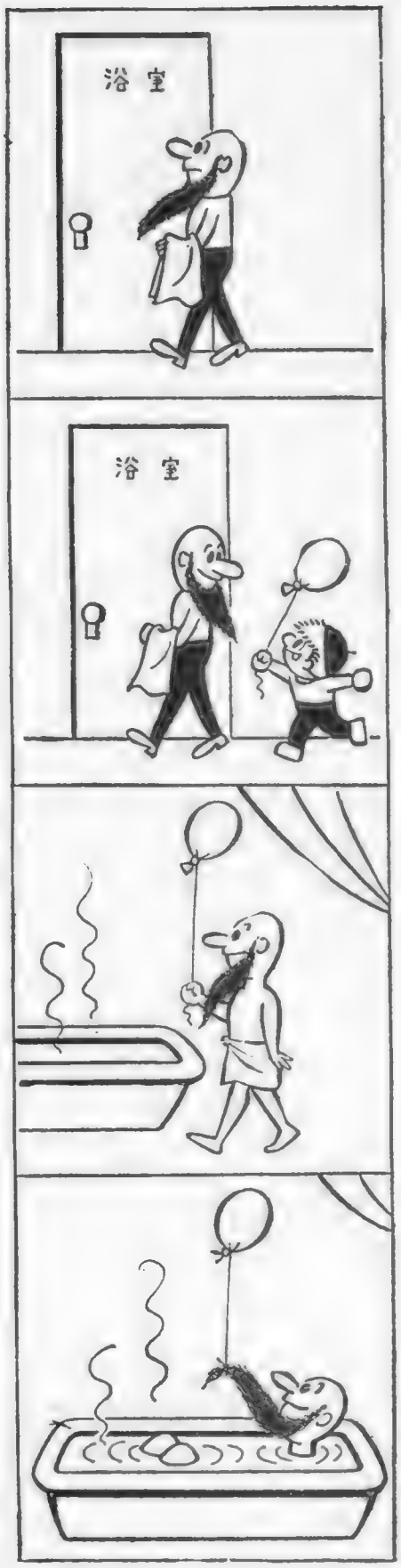
Masateru Moriyoshi
Manga Sunday



not so. As comedian Bontaro Taira puts it: "Comedy in Japan has grown up, or it might be that the intelligence of the audience is on a higher plane. But, in any case, the old pie-in-the-puss type of comedy is fading and being replaced by a more sophisticated brand." He adds that "It's said, and rightly so, that we Japanese have little humor in that we cannot laugh at ourselves. This is to be regretted. But I feel we are learning." Shades of Hogarth.

Japanese cartoonists are slowly "educating up" the public. Editors will have to follow. Today, the gag is the thing, not the vicarious pleasure or pain derived from seeing a caricatured body bouncing and boomeranging off rocks and

Umio Ouchi
Manga Story



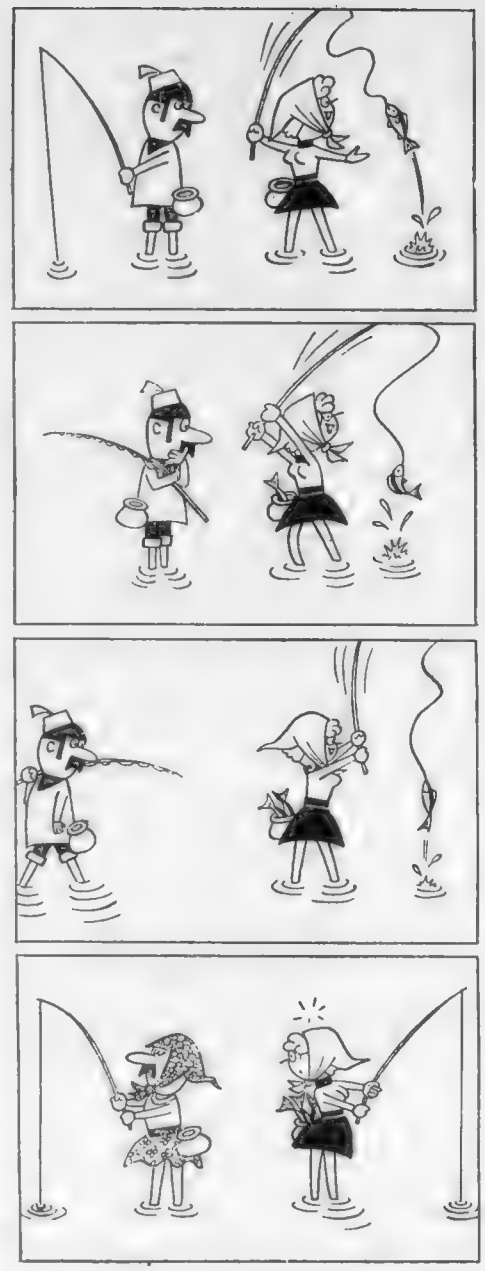
walls.

To foreigners, Japanese cartoons often are untranslatable, too topical to preserve, overly native in situation or setting, or neopornographic. But funny to the bilingual. And why not? After all, the cartoons are not created to be ageless or tickle non-Nihon funnybones. No more than Japanese literature is.

As an ex-cartoonist, I found over the years that many of the cartoons appearing in Japanese popular publications were too good to cast off. So I clipped and filed many. Shortly before I was reassigned to a Southeast Asian post by an American weekly news magazine, I realized I had a collection of several thousand "selected" cartoons, mostly of universal appeal. It was suggested that they would make a good collection for publication. Japanese cartoonists and cartoon organizations agreed, if a formula which would satisfy both could be worked out.

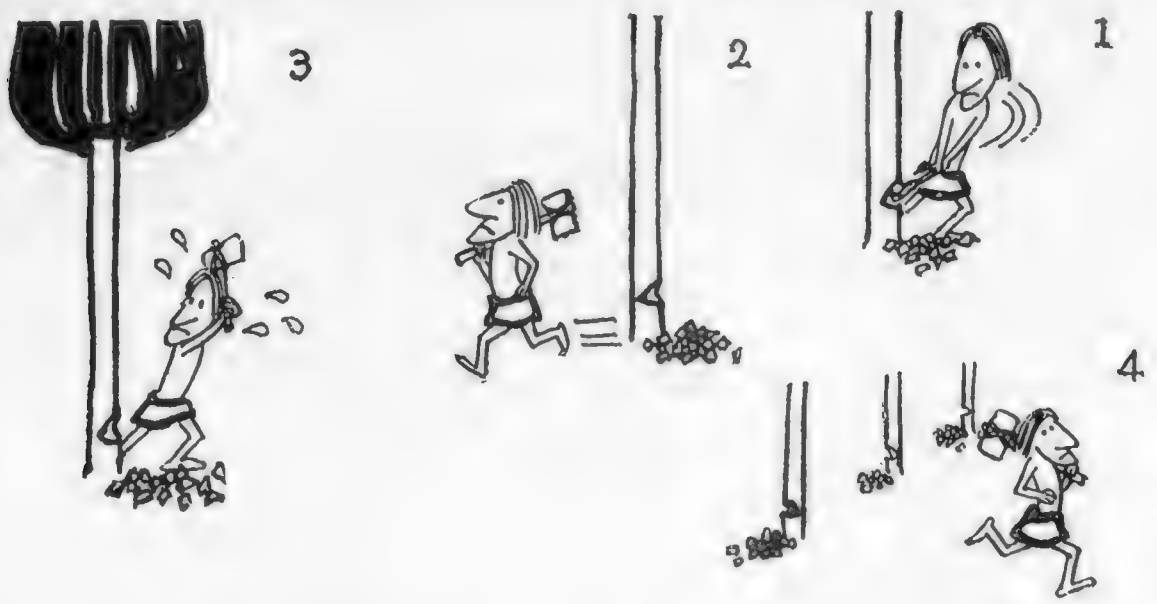
Eventually I found the time to cut the collection down to about 500 cartoons representing the work of over 200 Japanese cartoonists, write an introduction and backgrounder on Japanese cartooning, and submit the material to The East Publications, Inc., for use in this magazine.

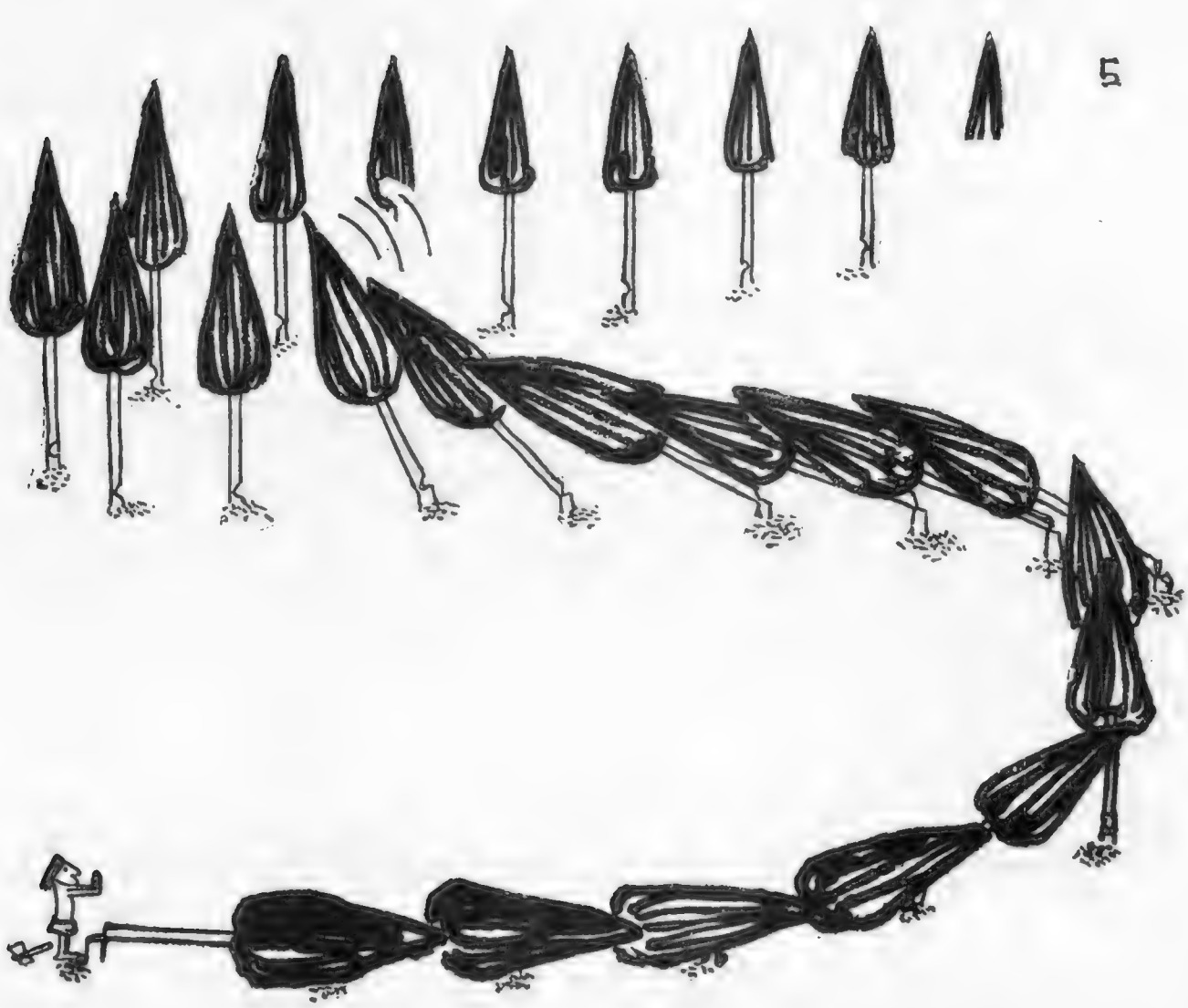
The effort is late in coming. I always thought someone else would do it. And should. But none did, even though the Japanese cartoon pedigree, though initially difficult to dig out, is in no way inferior to that of other countries. In fact, East and West have borrowed extensively from each other and it's nearly impossible to work back through so much mutual assimilation and pinpoint who probably originated what . . . and where. Was Walt Disney, for example, indirectly inspired by the humanized comic animals found on scrolls of the Heian period, or earlier? If so, who or what inspired those Japanese artists?



Umio Ouchi
Manga Asahi

● 原始人〝ドン〟〈オートメイション〉 第19回 呵井文三





The *emakimono* illustrated narrative scrolls from the same classic period, the imaginative *otsue,* and *ukiyoe* prints (dismissed as cheap artistic trash in their day) were vigorous colorful ancestors of today's Japanese gag cartoons. As much so as were the illustrated novels of the Tokugawa period and the *Japan Punch,* the copycat magazine put out in Yokohama in 1866 by Charles Wirgman, a British journalist and painter. For a long time, in fact, Japanese called all cartoons *ponchie,* or Punch pictures.

Wirgman, and, later, a French colleague, emphasized simple brush and pen lines popular at the time in their native countries and concentrated on biting humor appealing to the common man. Often it was sharp enough to incur the wrath of the authorities. In those days there was a thin line separating satirical political from comic cartoons put out by Wirgman as well as a handful of former disciples of *ukiyoe* masters drawing for the popular newspaper *Marumaru Chinpun* and others. It wasn't until 1905, with the entry of *Tokyo Puck,* that the imported and native cartoon styles merged into a formula which sent its circulation up to a monthly 50,000, five times that of the average magazine. Naturally it soon had imitators, such as *Tokyo Happi, Osaka Punch, Toto Ponchi,* and *Hosun.*

By 1912, the "Asahi Shimbun" hired a staff cartoonist, Ippei Okamoto, and other newspapers followed suit. Three years later, cartoonists banded together in the

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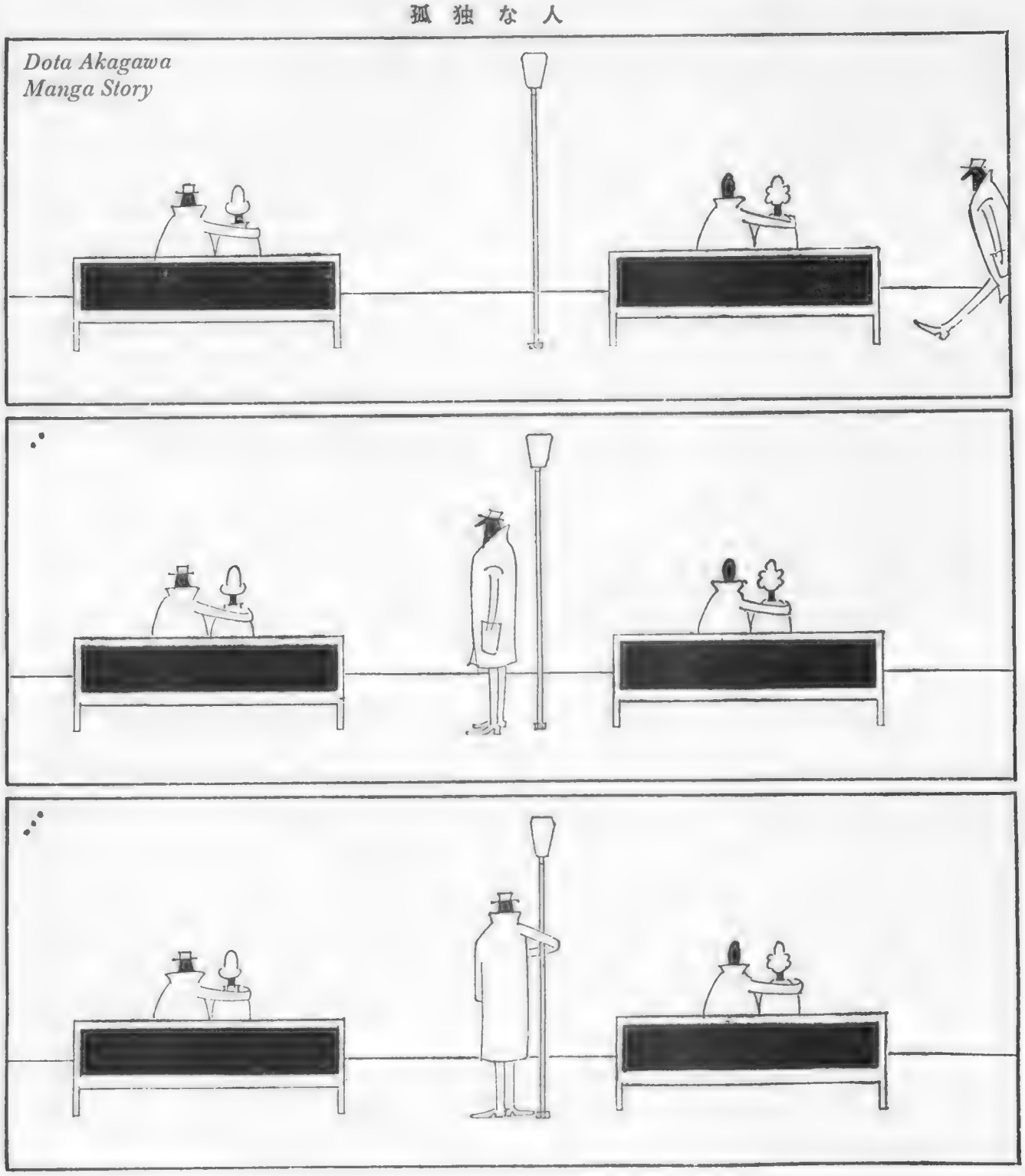
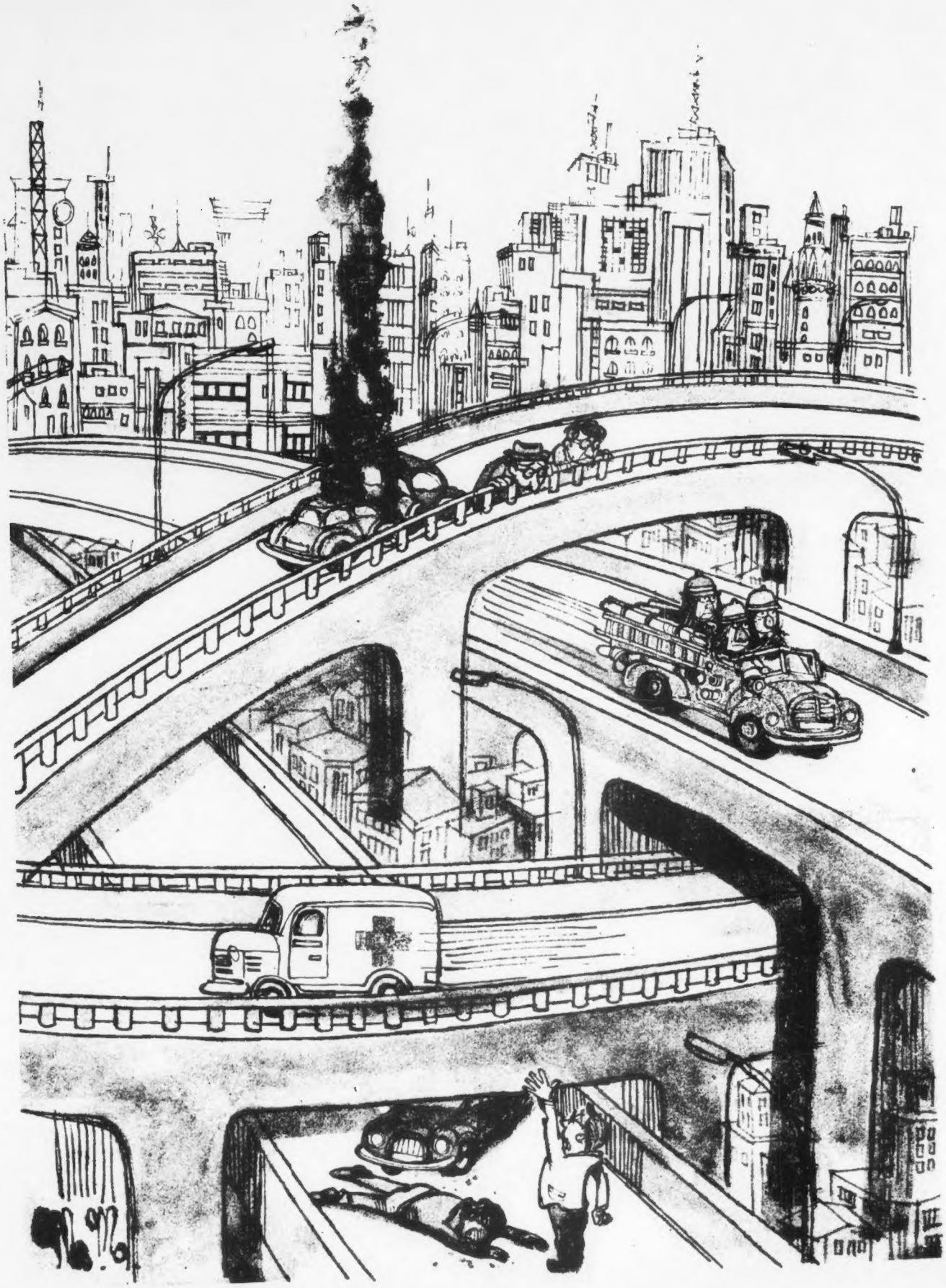




Masateru Moriyoshi
Manga Sunday

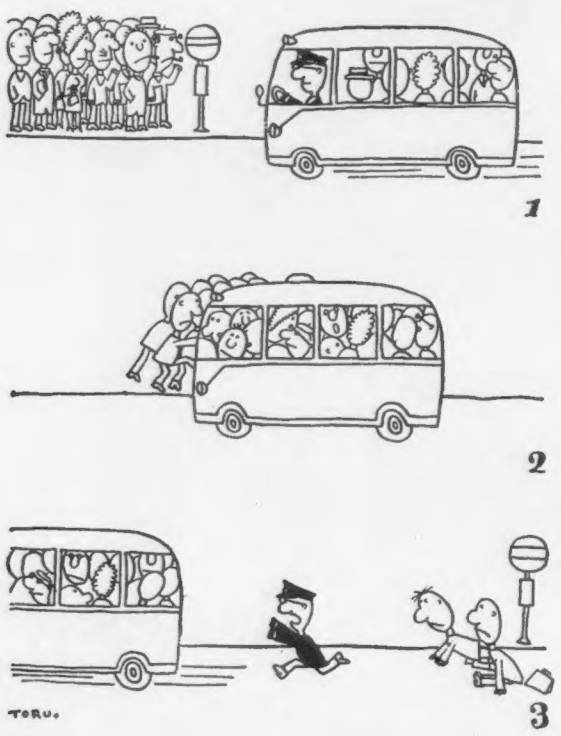
Tokyo Cartoon Association, forerunner of the present Japan Cartoonists' Association.

Throughout the 1920's cartoonists began making a clear distinction between editorial and humorous cartoons. The lighter-hearted group watched developments abroad and modeled its work on cartoons favored by the British *Punch* and the American *Life, Judge, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post,* and *New Yorker* magazines. In 1932 they formed the *Shin Manga Shudan* (New Cartoon School Group), which survives today as the *Manga Shudan.* With notable losses and selective postwar additions, the organization still wields considerable influence in the Japanese cartoon world.

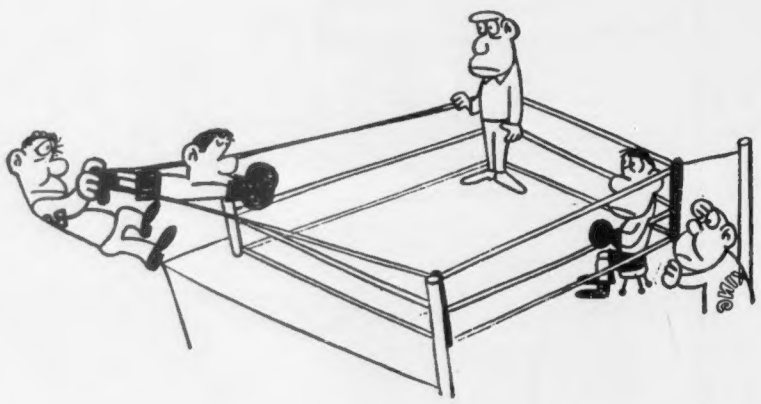
After the stifling period of 1937 through 1945, when only *yokusan manga* (Imperial Rule Assistance Cartoons) were tolerated by the military, another cartoonist grouping emerged to concentrate on modern cartoons for cheap newspapers and satirical and humor monthlies. But by the early 1950s, the market, if not the quality market, expanded. In came weekly comic humor magazines for adults. The publications, modeled after the newly-successful but often far from factual weekly news and feature magazines, traded in serial comic strips for adults, spot cartoons, light fiction, unsubtle sex, sensational sports and entertainment reportage, and pinups. The weeklies are still going strong.

Some of the more vigorous comic weeklies, such as *Manga Times, Manga Sunday, Doyo Manga, Manga Story, Manga Tengoku,* and *Manga Dokuhon,* may eventually evolve into fully-mature general humor magazines as welcome in the average home as *Mainichi Graphic* (which regularly prints topnotch cartoonist Ryuichi Yokoyama) or *Bungei Shunju* (which uses illustrations though not cartoons by Japan's best cartoonists). Meanwhile, the weeklies continue to serve as the primary launching pads for some of the brightest cartoonists around, ones who have exhibited their work abroad to the applause of foreign cartoonists and critics but find only second and third-rate outlets for their best work in Japan.

To make up for the low rates paid, Japanese cartoonists have to mass produce, an exhausting procedure which leaves little time for development of top gags and careful draughtsmanship. There are a dozen or more Gahan Wilson - Interlandi-Jules Feiffer-Alan Dunn - David Langdon - Richter types in Japan. Unfortunately, there are few *New Yorker, Look,* or *Playboy* type editors around to recognize and reward them accordingly. Count the cartoon editors on Japanese magazine staffs. There you are. But I believe the day there will be is not far off. For the fact remains: Japan's best cartoonists are now second to none. And that's something which cannot be ignored forever. ●



Toru Minegishi
Manga Times



Haruo Nagami
Manga Times

When You Have A Winner...

Join The Winners...

Alfred Andriola
Mickey Bach
Herbert L. Block
Marvin Bradley
Jenny Butterworth
Milton Caniff
Robert Cleveland
Nick Dallis
Walt Ditzen
Ed Dodd
Dan Dowling
Ralph Dunagin
Frank Edgington
Jack Elrod
Ken Ernst
Gene Fawcette
Jules Feiffer
Jo Fischer
John Fischetti
Creig Flessel
Franklin Folger
Alex Graham
Carl Grubert
Harry Haenigsen
Johnny Hart
Tom Hill
Mike Hodgson
Ric Hugo
Jeff Keate
Walt Kelly
Hank Ketcham
Alex Kotzky
Mell Lazarus
Harold LeDoux
John Lehti
George Lichty
Fred McCarthy
Dale McFeatters
Alden McWilliams
Bill Mauldin
William Overgard
Brant Parker
Virgil Partch
Irving Phillips
Len Reno
Bill Sanders
Allen Saunders
John Saunders
George Sixta
Reggie Smythe
Athelstan Spilhaus
Pat Tourret
Buford Tune
Bill Williams

●

and their great features

Andy Capp
Apartment 3-G
B.C.
Big George
Brother Juniper
Cappy Dick
Dateline: Danger!
David Crane
Dennis the Menace
Dolly
Dotty
Editorial Cartoons:
Dowling
Fischetti
Herblock
Mauldin
Sanders
Fan Fare
Feiffer Cartoon
Fred Basset
From Nine To Five
Grin and Bear It
Judge Parker
Kerry Drake
Mark Trail
Mary Worth
Miss Peach
Our New Age
Penny
Pogo
Rex Morgan, M.D.
Rivets
Soliloquy
Steve Canyon
Steve Roper
Strictly Business
Tales from the Great Book
Tell It Like It Is
The Berrys
The Girls
The Ryatts
The Strange World of Mr. Mum
Tiffany Jones
Time Out
With Sgt. Mike
Wizard of Id
Word-A-Day

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